

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.

THE news of the capture of Delhi has had the effect of vastly relieving people's minds about the Indian danger; nay, possibly, of inducing a disregard of the difficulties still to be encountered. But we may as well be prepared to hear that there is plenty of work yet cut out for our men. The details of the storm by last telegram were very meagre. Thousands must have escaped in tolerable order from a city seven miles in circumference, attacked by a very moderate force. That they will lay down their arms without further effort would be too much to hope; and the region they would probably select for their next stand would be Central India, where we are least prepared to attack them, and where, whatever the loyalty hitherto of the native potentates, an anti-British feeling is undoubtedly and dangerously strong. But, apart from this probability—which is sufficiently obvious—we must remember that the irregular way in which the mutinous fire has broken out, hitherto, is itself a warning to us to be prepared for new difficulties. Only last mail we heard that new places were touched by the disorder—new points of anxiety were suggested—and it is safest to trust to the reinforcements now largely in the field and to the results of campaigns more extensive (they cannot be more brilliant) than those of our troops this summer. Each day that the confusion lasts increases the work of "order" to be achieved. It is with savages—savages all the more dangerous for a tincture of discipline—that we have to deal; and we must not confine our calculations within the limits of ordinary war.

Meanwhile, in every bearing, religious or political—as it affects Government, as it affects Europe, in a score of lights of every colour and every degree of intensity—the Indian topic remains the chief one. The doom of the old system of ruling India is come; that fact alone rises clear out of the strife. But what the principles or the form of the new organisation, is a question to which no answer can yet be given. Before such is possible, we must know more than is now known of the conditions under which the mutiny formed itself and exploded.

There has not been a new theory on this point (to our surprise) for some days back. The "Mahometan conspiracy" one has fallen into the rear again. Annexation also now appears more respectable; for, if we had not annexed the Punjab, should we have had that province

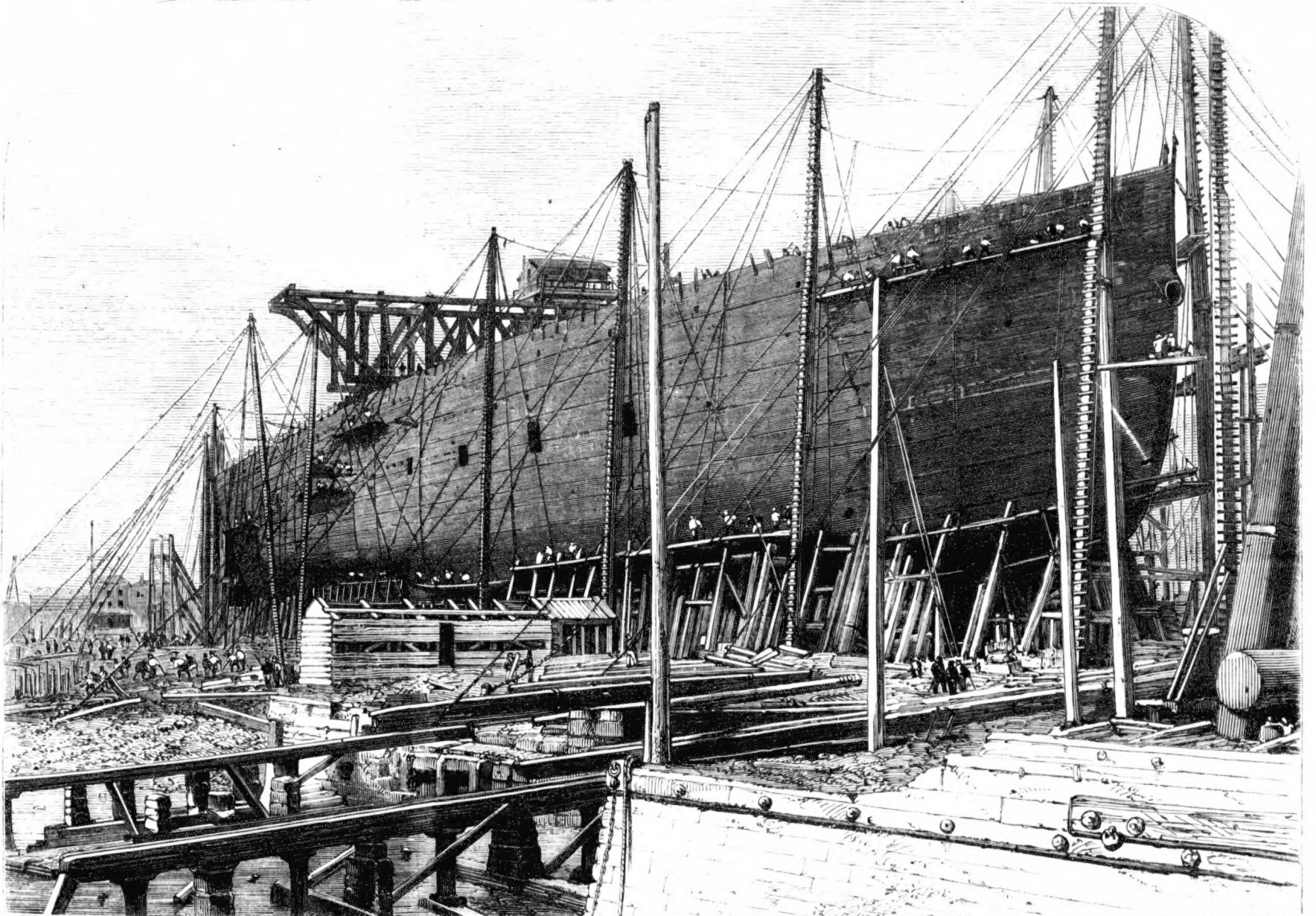
to work with as we have? and if we had not annexed Oude, should we not have had to fight a rising under still more disadvantageous circumstances? All the theories in succession have broken down; and some people therefore have fallen back on what we may call a no-theory—wishing us to believe that the sepoys mutinied for no reason whatever.

"The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad and bit the man."

says Goldsmith's ballad—and this is precisely the notion in question. Somehow, however, it is unsatisfactory. People revolt from error, or from ambition, or from provocation; but the world's history is not prolific in merely purposeless revolts. Now, had this been a purely ambitious movement, we should have expected greater signs of head. There would have been leaders—definite policies—more concert; whereas we have had frenzied desultory risings, beginning with murders, and almost ending there. This looks more like a result of wild impulse and maddened feeling than of conspiracy and ambitious design. We have laughed from the first at the notion that the sepoys revolted only because they were well off. That they did so, partly from believing we were afraid of them, is likely enough; but this is a separate thing. That they did so from mere comfortableness of position, believing that our rule was best for the country, but wishing as a pampered soldiery to get it for themselves, is, in the first place, contrary to general experience of human nature; but, also, it is inconsistent with known facts—with the facts of misgovernment and oppression recorded by Napier and others—with the way in which the mutinies broke out, and the proceedings of the mutineers since. This is the no-theory of Lord Shaftesbury and others—men who take narrow and sectarian views of everything, and who think we could have kept that immense population quiet (in spite of our incessant ambition and our blundering in carrying that ambition out) by deluging them with tracts. It is just the line for little sets to take; but the great wide public, with its rough common sense, is pretty certain to want something more solid. It sees results and wants adequate causes, knows the dread of the white man and respect for his brains natural to Indians, and the certainty that if we had not with unparalleled incompetence and self-confidence exposed ourselves, we should never have been open to such a blow.

What is the most painful feature of this affair is, that the atrocities accompanying the mutiny (as we have remarked before), will steel men's hearts to all "native" complaints for years. And it is exceedingly natural that they should, for a race capable of such things, must for its own sake have a stern discipline applied to it. To retaliate on them, in their own way, would be to degrade ourselves to their level; but to punish them awfully, by the laws of war in an open manner, is to give them real moral instruction. It is showing them that grievances or no grievances, revolts must not be made brute orgies. And, so far from its being inconsistent or incompatible with reform and improvement, they are just in the state when the two things harmonise. If you show them that you can punish (which, indeed, is necessary if you mean to govern) they will fear you; and that fear is—mixed with the respect which your anxiety to reform will inspire—the proper relation of their race to yours. As soon as we get the country quiet enough, we should do two things alongside each other, and as joint bits of action: hang every man "art and part" a massacre, and receive the complaints of all the rest of the district. It should be understood that we hang, not for rising against the Company, but for setting fire to bungalows and killing children,—that we have a higher moral point of view, and still a terrible physical punishment to inflict. We fear that Lord Canning's policy is the wretched old compromise system which has already broken down. We have been *humbings* in India, to speak somewhat plainly; we have tried to get all the advantages of conquest without forfeiting our "respectability;" to be Christians, and yet to make Christianity an open question; to seize lands under pretence of law, and so forth; and now the Governor-General steps in with a bit of philanthropy, just as ladies are daily arriving at Calcutta with their ears cut off. What fate can a nation expect which plunges itself into such contradictions as this?

Of course, it is premature to anticipate the discussions which must necessarily follow on the completion of our conquests. But, already, attempts are made to save the Company by "dodges." We are told that the Company's rule is the "popular" one, and that to put India under the Crown alone is to strengthen patronage, oligarchy, circumlocution, and what not. Now, admitting that cliquism is the failing of Leadenhall Street and Downing Street both, we are pretty sure



THE "LEVIATHAN" (GREAT EASTERN) STEAM-SHIP, MAY, 1856.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. HOWETT.—SEE PAGE 117.)





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not gone beyond a few yards when our boat grounded on a soft muddy sandbank; the other boat passed on; all hands got into the water to push her, but, notwithstanding our efforts, we could not manage to move her. We had not been in this unhappy position half an hour when two boats, apparently empty, were seen gliding down the stream. They came within twenty yards of us, when we observed that they carried sepoy, who opened a heavy fire, killing and wounding several. The boats were now alongside of us. Some of the sepoys had already entered our boat. Major Robertson, seeing no hope, begged the ladies to come into the water rather than to fall into their hands. While the ladies were throwing themselves into the water I jumped into the boat, took up a loaded musket, and, going up to the sepoys, I added again, but finding no use, I was obliged to retreat. The enemy were now closing in in great numbers. Lieutenant and Mrs. Fitzgerald were at this time sitting in a corner of the boat with their arms. Lieutenant Fitzgerald had a loaded musket, with the bayonet fixed in his hand. Mr. Churcher, sen., still lay weeping in his blood. The others had got out of the boat into the water. Major and Mrs. Robertson, with their children and Miss Thompson, were standing close to each other beside the boat; Lieutenant Simpson and Mr. Churcher, jun., were near them also; I all this time lost sight of Major Parlot, Elsie, Eckford, and a few others. I suppose they were killed. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were about twenty yards from the boat; he had his child in his arms apparently asleep. Mrs. Fisher could not stand against the current; her dress, which acted like a sail, knocked her down, when she was helped up by Mr. Fisher. I now resolved to make an escape, if possible, to the landing boat, which I knew could not have proceeded far, so at once I struck out into the stream. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher continued in a distressing position when I passed them unable to render any assistance.

I saw Mr. Fisher again, alone, floating on his back, but soon lost sight of him, as it was getting dark. I continued swimming for about an hour or more, when at some distance I saw the other boat. On reaching her, I found everything in confusion; Mr. Roban, the youngest Miss Galloway, a child, and the only woman who was on board, were killed, others were severely wounded, and the boat was in a very low state of repair. I was disappointed to find that the sepoys who had followed us. We repaired the rudder, which had been damaged, and continued our voyage with heavy hearts at that night. Early the next morning a voice hailed us from the shore, which we recognised as Mr. Fisher's. He came on board, and informed us that his wife and child had been drowned in his arms. We continued our voyage the whole of that day till we reached a village opposite Koonakhoire, in the Oude territories. Here the natives offered us assistance and protection. We at first feared treachery, but were assured that they were friendly, accepted their kind offers, and put to sleep for the night. We were all hungry, and begged the villagers to bring us some food, which they soon did, giving us chupatties and buffalo's milk, which greatly refreshed us.

My wound had now become very painful, and my naked back having been exposed to the sun and rain all day was smarting sorely. The boat now, as I supposed, was anchored for the night. I determined to find rest in the village, as I had had more than two previous nights. At night a message came from Colonel Smith, saying the boat was going to leave. I was too weak, however, to pay any attention to it. A second and third came, but I would not go. I could not stand any chance, however what might. The boat left. I heard nothing more of it for several days. Till the morning when her owner returned and gave out that Nena Sahib had fired upon them at Benoor, and all on board were killed. I remained in the village for about a month, and subsequently joined Mr. Probyn, and came down with him to Cawnpore. Major Robertson and Mr. Churcher, jun., are said to be concealed in a village in Oude near Putehghur.

#### MASSACRE AT BANDA.

A sepoy thus describes the murder of some Europeans at Banda:— "Five gentlemen, two ladies (one old and one young), a young boy, six or seven years old, and two girls, six or nine years old, were brought out. All the five men were tied with ropes, as also the young lady; but the old lady and children were free. They were all guarded by men of the country—Muslimans—who were armed. The Muslimans took all the ladies and gentlemen to the Bengal sepoy, and asked them how these people were to be disposed of. The sepoy said, 'We know not these Europeans, and care not what you do with them; you can release them or kill them, just as you please. We acknowledge no other power than the King of Delhi, and have nothing more to do with Europeans, whose authority has ceased now to exist.' On hearing this, I walked up to a Bengal Jemadar, and told him that, as these gentlemen seemed to be European officers, under whom we have served, and whose side we have eaten, it belonged to us to do what by our power for their deliverance; and that, as he was a native commissioned officer, and had authority over the men, he should order the release of the Europeans. The Jemadar told me that, if the sepoys heard me express such sentiments, they would most assuredly shoot me, and that were he to propose anything of the kind, he would meet with the same fate. He then counselled me to remain quiet, and return to my quarters, which I was obliged to do, with much regret. After a while the Muslimans took all these Europeans to the village, and then took a field near by, from which the grain had already been cut, and cruelly murdered all of them, except the two girls, whom they took into the city of Banda, and, I heard, made Muslimans of them, and kept them; but I do not know in whose house. The girls were, I heard, at Banda, and alive, when I left that place, but I know not what has become of them since. After killing the Europeans, the Muslimans left their bodies in the field, quite exposed, the sweepers, &c., having taken off all their clothes after they were dead. Their remains were allowed to lie there for two or three days."

#### JUBBILPORE—THE LITERATURE OF THE REVOLT.

When the conspiracy to murder the Europeans at Jubbilpore was detected, the Deputy Commissioner of the district went to the house of the leader of the plot, and captured him, his son, and twenty more of the conspirators. In the house of the "Rajah Shunker Sunkh," a bundle of various papers were found; and in his private purse a prayer written in the Hindoo character by the Rajah himself, and on the back of a proclamation issued by the Commissioner, calling on the chiefs and others to remain staunch. The following is a translation of this paper:—

"Sons of the mount of slanders, bite and  
Eat up each others, trample down the sinners,  
You, "Sutring orka" (one of the names of "Dove," implying hero-destruction of the enemy).  
And the British, exterminate them, "Machandee" (another of the names of the goddess "Dove").  
Let not the enemy escape, nor the wives and children  
Of such, and "Singarkha" (another of the goddess's names);  
Show favour to Shunker, support your sister;  
Listen to the cry of religion.  
"Mahaka" (another of the goddess's names).  
Let up the incense,  
Take no away,  
New deities them,  
And that quickly.  
"Gad not selva" (another of the goddess's names).

Other and clear evidence was found as to the guilt of these people—Shunker Sunkh and his son. They were tried, and condemned to death, and both were blown away from guns.

The guilty 52nd Regiment were so alarmed at this, that on the same night (the 18th) they all (except ten men) deserted with their arms and the ammunition they had in pouch, taking one of their officers, Lieutenant McGregor, prisoner, but doing no harm to any one else. Subsequently they wrote to the colonel of the regiment that they would do Lieutenant McGregor no harm, and would give him in exchange for their ten men who had remained loyal, but their request could not, of course, be attended to. Measures for the release of Lieutenant McGregor, however, have been taken.

Unfortunately, there were no troops near Jubbilpore who could be sent in pursuit of the mutineers, and it is supposed they proceeded by jungle paths towards Nagore to join the 50th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, which also mutinied, and that they would proceed towards Oude along with the numerous regiments from Dinapore.

#### CANWORE.

A lance-corporal in the 73rd Highlanders writes as follows to his relatives near Edinburgh, dated from the camp on the left bank of the Ganges, August 2nd:—

"After all our hard work we were too late to save the poor Europeans at Cawnpore; they were put to an awful death by the flood of fire. But I am not making them suffer for it now in their turn. If they had seen the British women and children, we could have forgiven them, but now they are bound to die if ever they fall into the hands of an European. After we took the place, the men they called the 'Bachelors' (all men of honour) and a few of the European women who had made escape. Had a dress, which was a possession of the place, and as an old man who had been a soldier in the army, she came to us and told us the awful truth. It made our blood boil with

rage, and I could hear the men of the 75th saying one among another, 'I will never spare a man with a black eye.' She pointed out the 'Bachelors' to us, and how they ought to be treated and to be treated. But before us every one was taken into the house, and we were asked the women and children. It was a terrible sight to see them, and we were asked the women and children. We made the ruffian bend down on his knee, and lay on part of the blood of the highest that he had spilled, and then we hung him upon a tree until he was dead. But having a thought, nothing of a woman, we see so much of it every day. Sometimes as many as thirty are executed in a morning, and others are blown from the mouth of the guns. I have seen some terrible sights. There is only a handful of us, and we have to see more than sixteen to one of us, and sometimes more. I have seen some women executed, and I am in danger of my life every moment, but I still live in hope, and I will be spared to see this affair finished and return home to my Scottish home. He will be a lucky dog, however, that gets through safe. We have had much and hard fighting, with very little to eat, and as our clothes and shoes are very nearly worn out, we are just like so many rascals. The war is beginning to tell very much on the ranks of the Royal Artillery, 4th Regiment, 78th Highlanders, and 84th Regiment."

#### NENA SAHIB'S PROCLAMATIONS.

The following proclamations have been issued by Nena Sahib. The first is dated the 1st of July:—

"As, by the kindness of God and the fulfilment of good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sagar, and other places, and even those 5,000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were there, are destroyed, and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who are firm to their religion; and as they have all been conquered by the present Government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the Government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence, and to carry on their respective work with comfort and ease."

Proclamation dated the 1st of July, and issued by order of the Nena:—

"As, by the bounty of the glorious Almighty God and the enemy-destroying fortune of the Emperor, the yoke-fetters and arrow-pointed people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpore has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and servants should be as obedient to the present Government as they had been to the former one; that all the Government servants should promptly and cheerfully engage their whole mind to executing the orders of Government; that it is the inmost duty of all the rents and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindu and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed; and that they should as usual be obedient to the authorities of the Government, and never to suffer any complaint against themselves to reach the ears of the high authority."

Order, dated the 5th of July, to the city Kewal (Meer) by the Nena:—

"It has come to our notice that some of the city people, having heard the rumours of the arrival of the European soldiers at Allahabad, are deserting their homes, and going out into the districts; you are therefore directed to prevent in every lane and street of the city that regiments of cavalry and infantry and batteries have been dispatched to check the Europeans either at Allahabad or Kuteepore; that the people should therefore remain in their houses without any apprehension, and engage their mind in carrying on their work."

#### MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Mr. J. P. Grant's peculiar act of "chumney" in releasing 150 of the Cawnpore sepoys has had its intended effect. A correspondent of the "Times" thinks the editor will be "glad to hear" that when the mutineers are sent from the prison gates they were attacked by a body of the 78th Highlanders, who bayoneted some of them, and every one of them. The same feeling of discontent had occasioned, after a dangerous sport in office, European regiments; and it has been remarked that it was lucky that Mr. Grant was not among the Cawnpore men, as the Highlanders would unquestionably have refused to distinguish him from his fellows.

Cannan Baghel, 7th Native Infantry, was killed, swimming to his boat after the mutiny at Allahabad—he told the women to duck their heads as it was unbecomingly. His last words were "Good bye, Groomer." A boy, said to be his, was brought into Dinapore some days after, and it was believed. The Sikhs threw their turbans on the coffin and wept!

A native was seized by a British officer, and as the following letter, addressed to the Barrackpore brigade, was found in his possession, he was hanged:—"Oh! brave warriors! We expected great things from you; you have, however, deceived us. We considered you as the flower of the army; but you gave up your arms without fighting. However, it is not too late to retrieve your characters. I trust you have no arms; but hasten up, and Ram will give you arms. You will each sepoy get twelve rupees per month; and 200 lbs. of land. The King of Delhi has ordained that no more cows shall be killed in the land. Should any one interfere with this messenger, upon his head be upon his head; if a Mahomedan, he will eat pig; if a Hindu, he will eat cow. The King of Delhi sends 80,000, and says the enemy outside the walls number 10,000; and we have conquered them, we will come to Calcutta to try if the English can fight."

A doubtful rumour was current that a nephew of the King of Delhi had been arrested at Meer Bannay, whether he had travelled in disguise.

A reward of £5,000 has been offered for the apprehension of Nena Sahib, and some hopes have been entertained of capturing him.

A very gallant exploit was witnessed at Lucknow, by Lieutenant J. C. Anderson, of the Madras Engineers, Superintendent of Irrigation in Oude. He is with the besieged garrison in the Residency at Lucknow, who were greatly molested by a couple of aeroplanes with which the enemy had taken up a position in a house that overtopped a part of the Residency. Mr. Anderson successfully undermined the house, and blew the whole of the inmates, estimated at about five hundred, into the air. The garrison then sallied out and spiked the guns, taking back with them into their intrenchment a large number of hallock and other provisions. All was well at Lucknow on the 16th of September, and the relief of the garrison is looked on as almost certain.

General Outram has decided against the men of H. M. 10th Regiment in regard to the slaughter of some married sepoys of the 40th N.I. at Dinapore. He has, he says, pursued with feelings of indignation the proceedings of the court of inquiry, from which is too evident that European soldiers have stained their hands with the blood of inoffensive men of the 40th N.I., who had laid down their arms in submission to the orders of the British Government, and who repented on the spot of their treachery, which has thus been compromised. As the individual perpetrators of the atrocity have not been detected, the stigma must for the present, observes the General, attach to the whole regiment.

There is a report at Calcutta that a rebellion has broken out in Cashmere against the Maharajah Ranbeer Singh, the son and successor of the late Gulab Singh. Ranbeer sent a contingent to aid us at Delhi, at the capture of which they were present. The rebels, it is added, have taken possession of the whole country.

The "Friend of India" states that the land revenue registers of the North-West Provinces of India, the records of which are of the greatest value to the Government, and necessary towards enabling it to collect its revenue, have almost entirely perished during the present rebellion. It says the catastrophe is just the same in principle, but much worse, as if the deeds and losses of every landed proprietor in England were to be suddenly destroyed. The extent of the country over which they extended was 120,000 square miles, containing about 100,000 villages, the great majority of which are separate properties, and the revenue to be collected this very little short of five and three-quarters crores of rupees a year. It adds that the consequences that may ensue from this disaster cannot be over-estimated.

General Lloyd has written a defence of his conduct during the Dinapore mutiny, in a letter to his brother. He contends that he was as energetic as ever in his mind, but admits that, on the day when the crisis occurred, he was unwell, and that his manner might consequently have lacked firmness. He was also scarcely able to move, owing to gouty feet. As early as June, he states, he contemplated the possibility of mutiny, and did his utmost to provide for the contingency. He did not disarm the sepoys, because he thought it impracticable. He feared that he gave the rebels time to elaborate whether they would give up the caps of their muskets, or not; and insinuates that his subordinates were slow in pursuing the mutineers.

A public meeting at Surinipore passed resolutions pressing Parliament to remove the government of India from the administration of the East India Company, and place the country (including the Seemee) under the direct control of the Crown.

Some deserters of the 21st Native Infantry were captured in the following manner:—The police proceeded to the post at Nagore, and sat down with them, and had a long chat before the capture was effected. The sepoys spoke freely of their having deserted, and stated that all the regiment had left. While they were in conversation, some of the police took the muskets from the sepoys, on pretence of examining them, and suddenly the three men who had the muskets in their hands bolted off—and, before the sepoys could get up to run after them, a dozen villagers seized them by the arms, and tied them down."

#### THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRIM.

The month of Mohurrim—one of the Arabic months—is the anniversary of the death of two early leaders of "the faithful," near relatives of Mahomet himself, Hassan and Husein, and is observed by more than one-half of the Mahomedan population of India, as a period of deep humiliation and sorrowful remembrance. By more than one-half of the Mahomedan population, because, as every one knows now-a-days, "the faithful" are divided into two great sects, the Shi'as and the Sunnites, who feel towards each other, in a religious point of view, much as fanatical Protestants and Roman Catholics mutually do. The Turks are Sunnites, the Persians Shi'as—generally speaking, indeed, the western Mussulmans, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, are Sunnites; the eastern from the Euphrates to Java, are Shi'as. These sects are sometimes styled Sunnites and Schites. The former are distinguished by white, the latter by red turbans.

The Mohurrim, as the festival is called, scarcely passes over in India without contests between the two great parties—between those who regard the deaths of Hassan and Husein as barbarous murders on the one side (that is the Shi'as), and those who, on the other, look upon them as having been usurpers, and lawfully put to death by the true head of "the faithful"—the reigning caliph. These latter are the Sunnites.

On the first day of the Mohurrim, in the larger cities, the Mahomedan population appears to be suddenly snatched away from all interest and employment in the affairs of earth. The streets are deserted, every one is shut up in his house, mourning with his family. On the second, again, the streets are crowded; but with people in mourning attire, parading along the thoroughfares in funeral procession to the tombs set up here and there as tributes of respect to the memory of Hassan and Husein. These tombs are representations of the mausoleum at Kerbela or Meshed, on the banks of the Euphrates, in which the two chiefs were buried.

The author of the "Private Life of an Eastern King," describing the celebration of the Mohurrim at Lucknow before the annexation, says:—

"The representation of the tomb of Hassan and Husein is placed, at the period of Mohurrim, against the wall facing Mecca, under a canopy, which consisted in the royal Enambarra, of green velvet embroidered with gold. A pulpit is placed opposite, usually of the same material as the model, in which the reader of the service—the officiating priest, as we should call him—stands with his face to Mecca and his back to the tomb. This pulpit consists simply of a small raised platform, without railing or parapet of any kind, on which the reader, sits or stands, as he may find most convenient."

"Such is the collection of lustres and chandeliers accumulated on these occasions, the glare of the lights, the sparkling of the rich embroidery and gilding, the glittering of the brilliant fringes, cords, and tassels ornamenting the banners with which the Enambarra is hung, the turbaned and bearded figures, with their swart countenances expressive of deep-sated grief and humiliation—that Mr. Meer Hassan Ali might well observe she are 'been frequently reminded in such scenes of the visionary castles conjured up in the imagination by reading the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' The emblems of Arabic royalty—the embroidered turban, the sun-symbols, and the richly-decorated arms—are always left at the base of the tomb, as evidence of the right of the two youthful martyrs to be considered the heads of 'the faithful'—a right denied by those atrocious heretics, the Sunnites."

"During the entire period of the Mohurrim, large wax lights, red and green, are kept burning round the tomb, and mourning assemblies are held in the Enambarra twice a day; those in the evening being by far the most attractive, and the most generally attended. It was interesting to observe the profound quiet which reigned, until broken by the reader of the service—some favourite Moulvi; the audience always awaiting the commencement of the reading or the recitation in the same hush, and sorrowing attitude in which they entered."

"The lights are during upon the broad turbans; the glittering interior of the Enambarra, with its chandeliers and wax tapers, its gilding and its banners, its fringes and its embroideries, is a blaze of light. The preacher is reciting an account of the death of the two chiefs, his keen black eyes glowing with animation as he proceeds—his audience, at first so solemn and so quietly sad, being gradually wound up to passionate bursts of grief. The orator groans aloud as he recapitulates the disastrous story; his audience is deeply moved. Tears trickle from the eyes of more than one bearded face, sobs and groans issue from the others. At length, as if with a sudden unpremeditated burst, but really at the proper part of the service, the audience utters forth the names 'Hassan! Husein!' in succession, beating the breast the while in evidence. At first somewhat gently and in a low tone are the names uttered, but afterwards louder and more loud, until the whole Enambarra rings again with the excited, prolonged, piercing wail. For fully ten minutes does this burst of grief continue—the beating of the breast, the loud uttering of the names, the beating ever louder and more resounding, the utterance gradually increasing in shrillness and piercing energy; until in a moment all is hushed again, and silence, as of deep affliction, falls like a pall upon the assembly."

At the conclusion of the service, a funeral dirge is chanted, called the *Moorseah*; this ended, the whole assembly rises, and recapitulates simultaneously the names of all the true leaders of "the faithful"—the *Emams*—ending with curses upon the usurping caliphs.

"From a burial to a wedding is often but a step in human life, and nowhere is that step shorter than in the East. The Mohurrim, a season of mourning and of grief—of woe, depression, and penance—contains also the representation of a wedding! This wedding is commenced on the seventh day of the fast; the procession preceding it is called the *Mayndieh*. It is held in remembrance of the marriage of the favourite daughter of Kerbela to her cousin Cossim, on the very day that Husein lost his life at night, and is closely followed by another company with downcast countenances and in mourning garb. The wedding and the death occurred on the same day, and so the funeral pomp follows hard upon the Mayndieh."

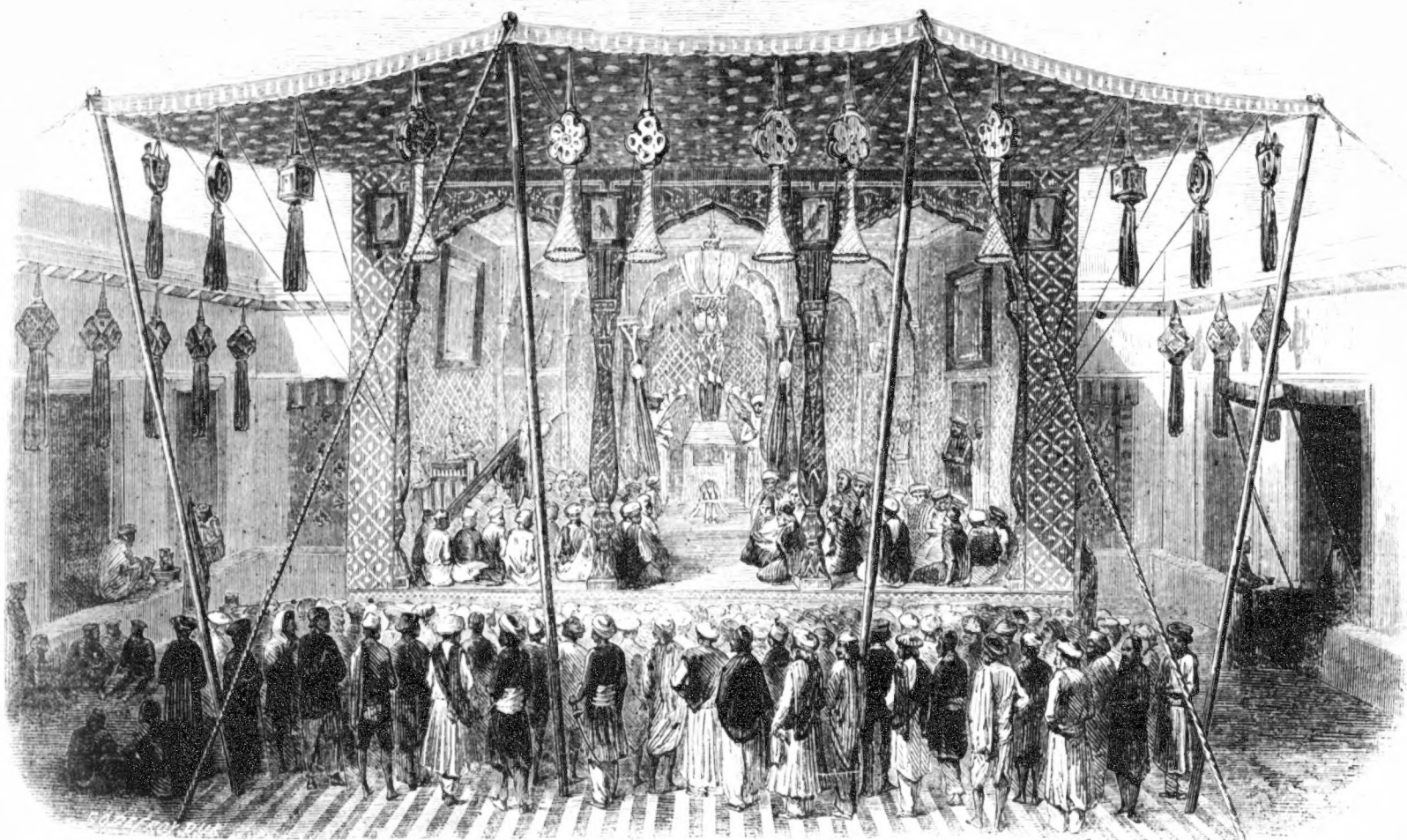
"The model of the tomb of Cossim, duly supported on a bier, is brought in by the attendants, and a sad mourning procession accompanies it. Sometimes even a horse, duly trained for the purpose, accompanies the party. It is regarded as the horse of Cossim, and bears his embroidered turban, his scimitar, his bow and arrows; whilst over it is held a royal umbrella, the emblem of sovereignty, and a gorgeously-worked *astadah*, or sun-symbol."

"The funeral and the burial of Hassan and Husein have yet to come; for this funeral vast preparations have been made, whilst for the burial an imitation of the burial-ground at Kerbela has been duly set apart by each family of large possessions ages before."

"As the funeral of Husein was a military spectacle, so, on this occasion, is every endeavour made to give as military a character as possible to the display. Banners are exhibited, bands play, matchlocks and guns and pistols are fired off, shields are clashed together, and no sound is wanting which nerves to bring before the mind's eye the mimicry of military pageants."

"Then comes the horse (Dihul-dihul), as on the former occasion of the consecration of the banners, attended by numerous servants. The bearers of incense, in gold and silver censers, succeed. The censers are suspended by means of chains made of the same material, and are thus waved to and fro, as the march proceeds, much as they are waved at the foot of the altar in Roman Catholic cathedrals on the Continent. The *lehharan*, a sweet-smelling resin, which is burnt in censers, is probably the very incense so frequently mentioned in the Bible. The reader of the funeral service follows, usually attended by the proprietor of the tomb-model and his friends. Always





THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRIM.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MONSIEUR P. PAADER.)

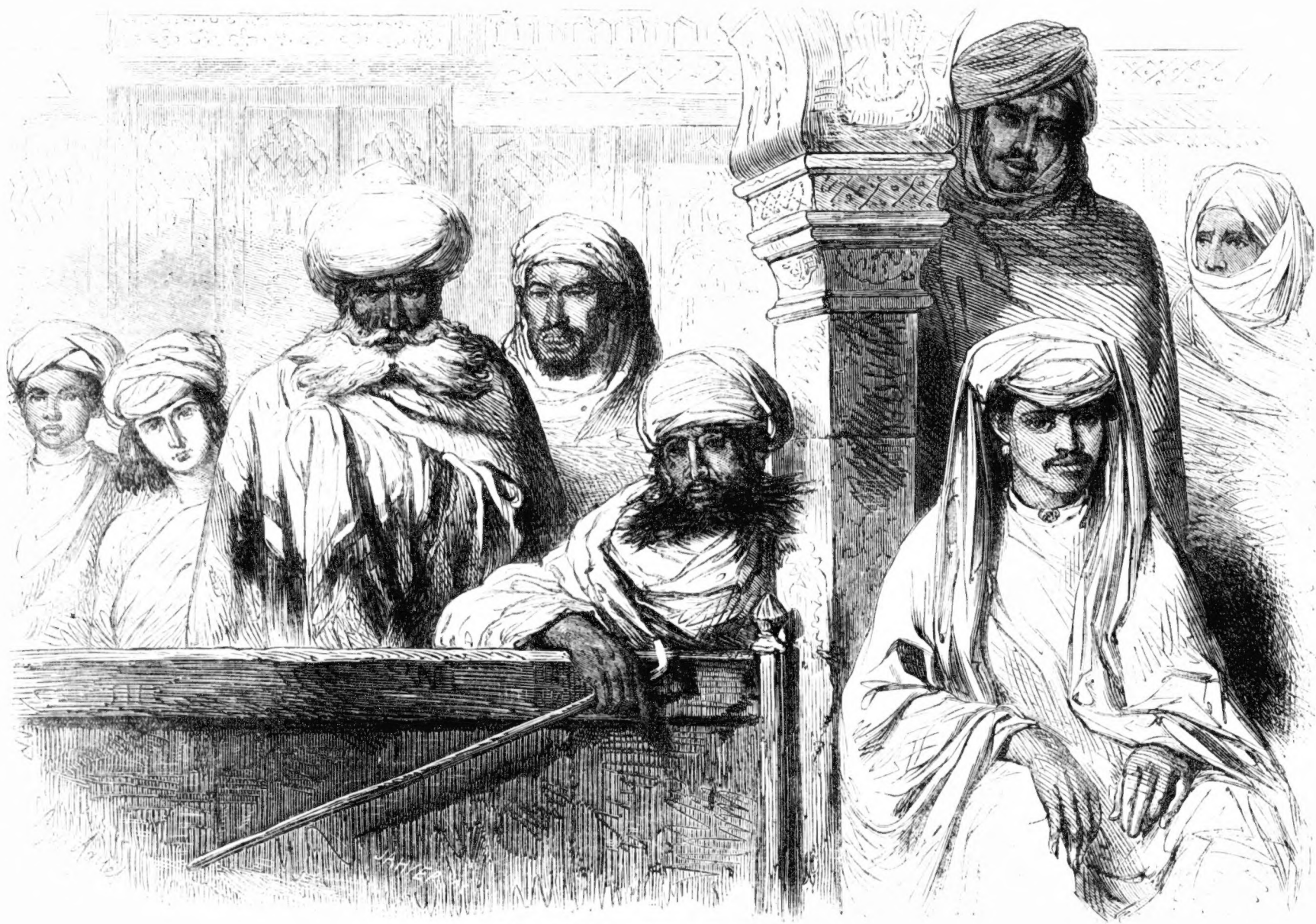
barefooted, and often without any covering upon their heads, do these mourners follow in sad procession. It is no unusual thing to see their heads disfigured with chaff and dust—the more striking symbols of profound grief. The tomb-model, or *tazia*, is borne next; above which a canopy of green cloth or velvet, embroidered with gold or silver in the more showy processions, is spread, elevated upon poles, and carried by several men stationed at the side. The model of Cossim's tomb; the covered conveyance of his bride; the trays of wedding presents, with all the other accompaniments of the marriage procession, follow in order; and, lastly, camels and elephants, bearing representations of the tent equipage and warlike train of Husein, as he marched from Medina to Kerbela.

"All along the march, as the various processions wind by different roads over the country, guns, pistols, rifles, and matchlocks, are discharged; whilst the mourning cry, 'Hassan! Husein!' is heard at intervals swelling out from the mighty throng.

"The ordinary ceremony of burial is gone through on the procession reaching the appointed place—the model of the burial-ground at Kerbela. The tomb-model, with its various accompaniments of wedding trays and wedding presents—fruits, flowers, and incense—all are committed to the earth, a grave having been previously prepared for the purpose. It is at this part of the ceremony that the long pent-up animosity between the Sheahs and the Soones usually finds vent, and the mimic burial is often

made the occasion of loss of life and bloody feuds between the contending factions."

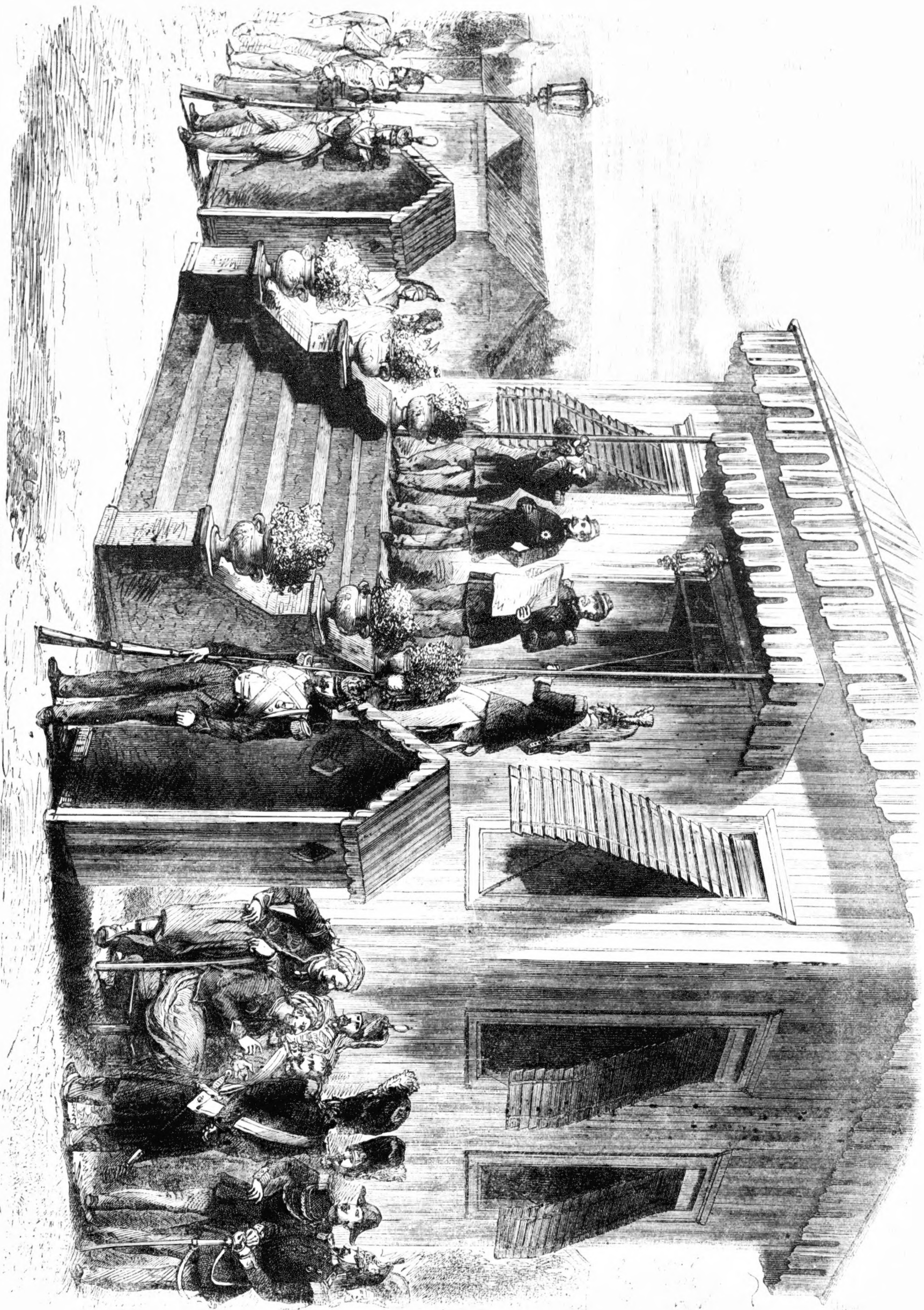
"It must be remembered that this fast of the Mohurrim is quite distinct from the Ramazan. The Ramazan—a period of thirty days, during which all "the faithful" abstain from eating, drinking, and smoking, between sunrise and sunset—is observed by all classes of Mahometans, by the Indian Mussulman on the banks of the Ganges, equally with the Fezzan on the shores of the Atlantic in Northern Africa. The Mohurrim, however, is peculiar to the Sheahs, and properly only extends over ten days. The devout commemorate it for forty, just as the zealots of both sects will fast during the month preceding and that succeeding the Ramazan."



PAJQOTS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY PRINCE SOLTVOFF.)



THE EMPEROR'S PAVILION AT THE CHANGING CAMP.





## THE EMPEROR'S PAVILION AT CHALONS.

On a last sketch from the Camp at Chalons, which our readers will find on the preceding pages is a view of the Imperial Pavilion, with no less a personage than the Emperor sitting beneath its portal, and conspicuously overlooking the scene of his empire. The Pavilion is built on a slight elevation in the rear of the camp, affording a view over its entire extent. It is (or was) rather an elegant erection of plaster, painted in peaceful white, with stripes of innocent blue. A smaller pavilion was pitched on each side of it; while behind were the Imperial stables, and the quarters of the Cent Gardes, and his Majesty's personal attendants. A company of each regiment in the camp mounted guard at the Imperial quarters, turn and turn about.

Since the departure of the troops from the camp, works have been actively pushed there. Experiments are being made to discover wells, and it is hoped that each division will in future be amply provided with water. A canal along the rivulet of Mourmelon is spoken of. Some hundred cows are about to be sent to the stables lately occupied by the horses of the Cent Gardes, in order to turn the building into account. Finally, brick ovens are about to be constructed, which will replace the campaigning ovens (in cast iron) used during the late season.

## DEATH OF GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

FRANCE has lost the dictator who, loyal to his word, laid down his power when the service for which it had been given him was performed. Louis Eugène Cavaignac died, on Thursday week, of aneurism of the heart. He was working in the gardens of his residence (in the department of the Isle and Loire), when a man-servant told him that he had marked down a woodcock in a close adjoining. The General asked for his gun, and went immediately in search of the game; but he had not long left the garden before he staggered, exclaiming that he did not know what was the matter with him, and handed the gun to his servant. A moment after he said, "I am dying," fell down, and breathed his last in the open field.

Cavaignac was born at Paris on December 15, 1802, his father being the old Conventionalist of the same name. His elder brother was an influential Republican, and after promoting the Revolution of 1830, suffered a prosecution for attacking Louis Philippe's Government. While the brother was thus occupied in the arena of politics, the future General was serving in the army, which he had entered on receiving a commission from the Polytechnic School. In 1828 he held a command in the French expedition to the Morea. Returning to France, we find him in 1830 in garrison at Arras, where, as afterwards at Metz, he openly avowed his Republican sentiments. In consequence of this conduct, he was sent by the Government into honourable ostracism in Africa, where he gained great distinction in the Algerian wars. In 1847 he succeeded Lamoricière in the command of the province of Oran, and in the following year was promoted to the Governor-Generalship of Algeria. Here he signalled his command by great firmness and judgment, until he was chosen a delegate to the National Assembly for the two departments of Lot and Seize. He elected to sit for the former, as he had some ancestral connection with the locality. By a decree of the Provisional Government, February the 24th, he was made General of Division, and by a second decree was named Minister of War, but he declined that post because he was not allowed to concentrate in Paris such a military force as he wished to maintain. He had scarcely been recalled to Paris, in order that he might take a part in the debates of the National Assembly, when events showed the necessity of placing the supreme military command in the hands of a single individual. He was appointed Minister at War upon better conditions, and at once entered upon his command.

In the outbreak of the 22nd of June our readers will remember that two plans for its suppression were proposed. The Executive Committee were in favour of spreading the troops over the capital, and so preventing the erection of the barricades. Cavaignac's plan was the opposite of this, and consisted in concentrating his troops at certain points and bringing them into action in large masses. Cavaignac treated the outbreak, not as a mere insurrection, but as the commencement of a civil war, and met it in rue or by rifle. We do not intend to repeat here the history of those eventful days, or to relate at length how severe the contest and how great the bloodshed had become before the National Assembly passed a resolution declaring Paris in a state of siege, and appointing Cavaignac Dictator, with absolute and unlimited powers. It is enough to state that after four days of fighting in the streets of Paris, during which the killed and wounded on both sides amounted to above 8,000, including Generals Bréa and Negrier, and M. Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, Cavaignac found himself the absolute disposer of the destinies of Paris and of France. Had he been capable of mere selfish ambition, he might doubtless have secured for himself, for a time at least, the possession of unlimited authority. He was true, however, to his Republican principles, and laid down his "Dictatorship" like some ancient Roman, as soon as he had pacified the capital. The National Assembly, however, aware of the importance of his services, appointed him President of the Council, with power to nominate his own Ministry.

At length, after long and protracted discussions, the Assembly determined that a President should be elected by universal suffrage. Cavaignac was put forward by the moderate and respectable Republicans. The result, it will be remembered, was as follows:—For Louis Napoleon, 5,534,520 votes; for Cavaignac, 1,448,302; for Ledru Rollin, 371,431; for Raspail, 36,964; for Lamartine, 17,914; for Changarnier, 4,687; for sundry other candidates, 12,434; the total number of voters polled being 7,449,471. On laying down his extraordinary powers, Cavaignac received the thanks of the National Assembly and the compliments of his successor.

It will be remembered that when Louis Napoleon executed his *coup d'état* in December, 1851, one of his precautions was to arrest Cavaignac in his bedchamber. The General, however, was released after a brief detention, and has resided unmolested in Paris ever since that time, though he has never acquiesced in the Dictatorship or the Empire.

On the death of the General, his wife, the beautiful daughter of M. Odier, the banker, to whom General Cavaignac was married about six years ago, determined at once to bring the body of her husband to Paris for interment in the vault of the Cavaignac family in the Cemetery of Montmartre. She set out, accompanied by her infant son, four years old, a relative of her own, and a relative of General Cavaignac, for the Tours railway station. Madame Cavaignac, who had come in her own carriage, had it placed on a railway truck, and thus she proceeded to Paris, sitting by the side of the corpse dressed in ordinary clothes—the clothes in which he died—as a living man. She often took the body on her knees and wept over it. On arriving in Paris she proceeded to the General's town residence in the Rue de Londres, where she fitted up their bed-room as a *chapel ardente* with candles and black cloth.

The funeral of General Cavaignac took place on Saturday in a manner so quiet, compared with what was very generally expected, that it might almost be called private. There had been a talk of 12,000 troops being ordered to line the streets, and it was thought that there would be at least as much excitement in Paris as there was on the occasion of the interment of Béranger. Instead, however, of a great military display, there was only on foot just the force allotted by the rules of the service to pay the last honours to a general of division. The neighbourhood of his house, No. 29, Rue de Londres, was certainly crowded as the hour for the funeral drew near, but not excessively so. Bodies of police prevented any obstructions in the line of the procession. A mass with music was performed at the church of St. Louis d'Autin, to which only those furnished with tickets of invitation by the family were admitted. When the corpse entered the cemetery of Montmartre, the mourners of the family only were allowed to follow immediately. A few minutes later, two or three hundred persons with tickets were admitted. The rest of the followers, the number of which may perhaps have swollen to 8,000 or 10,000, were not allowed to enter. They dispersed without the slightest disturbance.

The body was interred in the family vault, where lie the remains of the General's mother, and his brother, Godefroy Cavaignac. No speech was pronounced, but the usual military salutes were fired over the grave.

## IRELAND.

STATE OF TIERRY.—The "South Georgian" of Saturday contains the following notice:—"A party of seven visited the dwelling of John Hackett, who resides on the coast and of whose residence, near Ballymore, on the night of the 26th inst., and next morning, the vessel of the name, Hackett, was at the wharf, and a considerable number of people were sitting before the fire at the time, and had a most comfortable evening, some of the contents of the gun being sold and the rest being saved, passed through the gutter, where, was fortunately rescued at the time. Hackett is a 'hire-taker' over lands purchased by Mr. Matthew H. Goshell, of Dublin, some six years ago in the 'Emancipated State of Cork.' When Mr. Goshell came into possession of this property he purchased on liberal terms the goodwill of several small cottiers, who gave up their claims with apparent satisfaction, if not thankfulness."

JAMES SPOLLEN.—On Saturday at the Court House, Green Street, Dublin, the Clerk of the Crown directed James Spollen to be put forward to be discharged by proclamation. The prisoner accordingly appeared at the bar. He looked pale and dejected, "and the sort of an intensely red beard and whiskers contrasted unpleasantly with his pale countenance." The Clerk of the Crown said that there was no charge against the prisoner, therefore he might be discharged. Spollen, in a weak voice, here began, "May I be allowed to thank my counsel?" What he would have added was cut off by Baron Richards, who said, "Put him out of that." Spollen was therefore removed from the dock. There was a rush from the Court to see him go forth into the street, but the expectation of the curious was disappointed. Spollen, at his own request, was conveyed back to the Richmond prison, where he remained till to-morrow.

THE IRISH SEPTIMS.—The placards against enlistment which have appeared in various parts of the south of Ireland during the last fortnight, have been succeeded by more daring "calls to arms" and appeals to the "patriotism of the north" in other districts of the country. A few miles outside Cavan, for example, the following documents expressed the sentiments and aspirations of the Round Society in this "opportunity" for Ireland:—"Men of Cavan—Glorious now, 'our tyrant' is in deep mourning—sailing is heard in every corner—12,000 of our oppressors killed by the septims. Three cheers for the gallant septims. Men of Cavan, 'tis the time, strike for your country and nationality." The above was posted on the gateposts along the leading road into the county town, and the effusion given beneath, displayed with capital letters and varied ink, was read by thousands of the peasantry before it was taken down by the police:—"Men of Ireland—Now is the time to break your bonds, and cast off the chains of slavery. The Sexton tyrant require your aid. Spurn their aid; mark the miscreant who covets it. Let his death warrant be signed, and let him get the death of Bill, Galtier, McLeod, and Hines. Militia of Cavan—with arms in your hands unfurl the green flag. Light the watch-fire, and tens of thousands will flock to your standard. Band together—number your strength and strike! Strike, and clear off the black septims (meaning the constabulary) who are set as a spy over you, and are a disgrace to our land. Then he up—strike, in the name of God, and strike for the Catholic religion. A blessing will rest upon you. Then for nationality; hurra for liberty." The allusions here to self-remembered murders which have left indelible disgrace on a portion of the county of Cavan, notorious for its Round enclaves.

LUNACY TREATED BY A LUNATIC.—Captain George Whitley, described as a person of strange appearance, with an immense beard and moustache, is charged at Dublin with ill-treating his lunatic daughter, Miss Henrietta Whitley. A police-constable stated that he found the lunatic lying in a wretched room at the Captain's lodgings, tied down on a stretcher, without any bed or bedding of any kind, save an old torn rug and a piece of canvas. The unfortunate creature could not stir a limb, as she was strapped across the legs, body, arms, and neck, to the stretcher. Everything around and about her was covered with filth, and nothing could exceed the wretched and emaciated appearance of the poor creature. Miss Maria Whitley confirmed this testimony, adding that her father often beat her sister cruelly with a short cane. The witness and her sister were entitled to £30 a year each in their own right, in virtue of their mother's marriage settlement. She was of opinion that her father was not right in his mind. Some time previously, she got temporarily ill, and on coming home from the country, where she had been stopping, he insisted on shaving her head, and wanted to extract her teeth. A physician deposed that he found the lunatic in a starving condition. She snatched at some bread and butter which he offered her in a most ravenous manner, and attempted to eat his hand. She was a dangerous lunatic. This was the defence set up for the prisoner, who seems to have been remanded. Arrangements are to be made to place the unfortunate young woman in an asylum.

## SCOTLAND.

THE WESTERN BANK OF SCOTLAND IN DIFFICULTIES.—A very serious monetary disaster appears to have been escaped at Glasgow. The Western Bank of Scotland, whose chief office is in Glasgow, with about a hundred branches and sub-branches spread over the country—with liabilities estimated as high as six millions sterling—has been in peril of at least a temporary stoppage. The difficulties of the bank arose from failures at Glasgow and in America. Fortunately, aid has been given to the bank to carry on its business. The shareholders of the bank are a very wealthy body; so that the depositors would, it is assumed, have eventually recovered their money under any circumstances; but even a temporary suspension would have created inconvenience and loss, not in Scotland alone.

ART-MANUFACTURES IN SCOTLAND.—The second exhibition of the Art Manufacture Association of Scotland will open in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, about the middle of this month. The Association has again secured the co-operation of all the "leading houses" in the various departments of artistic manufacture, both in England and Scotland, and there will be a very interesting display by private exhibitors, among whom are the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Portland, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Dalhousie, the Lord Justice General, Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, Cardinal Wiseman, Mr. Beesford Hope, M.P., Mr. Stirling, of Keir, M.P., Mr. Napier, of Shandon, Dr. Smith, late of Peru, Mr. A. G. Ellis, &c. The Department of Science and Art have sent a contribution, and another has been promised by the East India House.

EVICTED BY FIRE.—The "X" then Ensign" tells the following story:—On the 6th of June last, an industrious cottar, named Donald Murray, with his sister and two little motherless girls, were ejected from the hut which they had occupied for some years. After living for some time in the open air, the Rev. Mr. Mackellar, parish minister of Clyde, gave them the use of a cart-shed, which they continued to occupy from the date of the eviction till Saturday, the 17th of October, their little bit of furniture meanwhile lying in the open air. In the meantime it was found that the Duke of Sutherland had no right to the cart-shed, and a case was entered in the Court of Session. Acting under advice, Murray and his family again took possession of the hut, along with part of their furniture, on the date referred to, and immediately on his being done the machinery was set in operation for a second eviction. Accordingly on the forenoon of Tuesday week, public attention was attracted to a dense volume of smoke rising from the neighbourhood of the house of Clyde, and it was soon found that Murray's cabin was on fire, and that workmen were actively employed in the demolition of its rude walls. The hut was razed to the ground, and various articles of furniture were also destroyed.—[It will be remembered that we commented upon the first eviction of Donald Murray.]

## THE PROVINCES.

CHILD MURDER.—Ann Plant, a single young woman, was discarded by her parents in consequence of her dissolute habits, and she took refuge for a few nights in a neighbour's house. She at six o'clock left with her child, to go to Alton, in North Staffordshire. About seven o'clock of the same day, however, she returned without the child, and told a story about having met a gentleman and lady, in Wolverhampton, dressed in mourning, who had begged the child of her, promising if she would never claim it, to keep it as their own, and that it should neither work nor want. She said the gentleman and lady took her to their house, which was on the Stafford Road; it was a new house, "carpeted most beautiful." Her account, specious and circumstantial as it seemed, was credited at first; but subsequently doubts arose; and last week being pressed on the subject, the woman confessed that she had drowned the child in the canal, near Wolverhampton. There the body of the child was found, near the place indicated by its unhappy mother, who, on her return from the canal in custody of a policeman, requested to be allowed to jump down a cesspit, for her conduct would break her mother's heart.

GAROTT ROBBERY.—An elderly gentleman, Mr. Thomas Hind, secretary of the Nottingham Savings Bank, was returning to that town from his residence at Skipton early on Friday evening week. When within a few hundred yards of the town, a man sprang at his throat from behind, whilst a second ruffian took from his pockets £16. The attack was sudden, there was no one passing at the time, and the thieves escaped with their booty before Mr. Hind sufficiently recovered to raise an alarm.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER AT BLACKLANDS, NEAR PLYMOUTH.—James Boghurst and Thomas Brown have been examined on the charge of attempting to murder Mr. Bradton. The servants of the house were the only witnesses examined that day. Their evidence proved that Boghurst, when in the service of Mr. Bradton, had on one occasion passed through the bars of the kitchen window. Those bars are 7½ inches apart, the same as those in the window where the entrance was effected. The chambermaid stated that when the above, which were found in the rear of the premises after the burglary, were brought to her, she exclaimed, they were Jim's shoes (meaning Boghurst), and at this time she did not know that he was in the country, not having seen or heard of him for two years. Boghurst has a very long foot and a peculiar tread, and it is thought that the evidence which will be brought to bear upon this point will be very important in the case. The prisoners were remanded. Brown fainted during the examination. Mr. Bradton is recovering, although but slowly. He has not yet given any account of the affair.

LORD BRIDGEMAN AT BRIGHTON.—Lord Bridgeman was on Tuesday week entertained at a public banquet at the George Hotel, Brighton, by some gentlemen of the town, and a number of West and London and Chichester, in commemoration of the centenary of the death of the Duke of Devonshire, the cause of education, and of improvement. The speech of the evening, "his lordship, of course, referred to his remarks, entitled to be seen in the papers, but the most important of his remarks referred to the present state of things in India.

LORD STANLEY AT WIGAN.—At the Wigan Mechanics' School, on Tuesday week, Lord Stanley was present, and spoke on the subject of education. He explained that while much was yet to be done, improving the means of education for the masses, the people themselves frequently betrayed an indifference to the advantages they already possessed.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL AND THE WELSH FARMERS.—A few days ago, Sir Benjamin Hall, M.P., the First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and the Buildings Commissioner, visited at Glynover, in Monmouthshire, presided at the annual meeting of the Aberystwyth Agricultural Association, held in that town. There was a well-contested ploughing-match in the early part of the day, and an exhibition of cattle and sheep, horses, implements, and poultry. The Earl of Aberystwyth, Sir Benjamin Hall, and Colonel Clifford, M.P., also awarded for the best specimens of growth, culture, and for which there was strong competition. The dinner, at which about 120 persons were present, took place at the Angel Hotel, and the company was composed chiefly of the neighbouring gentry and farmers. After dinner, Sir Benjamin Hall spoke at some length on agricultural improvements.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MUSIC HALL, BRIGHTON.—On Monday morning, Sussex Music Hall, Brighton, was totally destroyed by fire. The suddenness of the conflagration that nothing could be saved, and so total is the wreck that it is not a piece of timber wanting, sufficient to make a better music hall, than the one which presents to our view, than a heap of charred and fragmentary pillars. The property was insured.

THE NEW FORT AT LIVERPOOL.—An official letter has been received by the Liverpool Town Council, stating that Lord Pembroke intended to erect a joint remembrance of the Town Council and the Liverpool Dock Trustees, against the construction of the proposed new fort at New Brighton, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey.

THE BOROUGH BANK OF LIVERPOOL.—The directors of the Borough Bank have come to the determination of paying all deposits not exceeding £100 in four equal instalments of six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months, and all bills for the amounts bearing interest at the rate of 7 percent.

SACRILEGE.—During the night of Saturday some thieves broke into a church and two chapels in Manchester. They no doubt assumed that the night of the day being the first Sunday in the month, they would make a very good haul of communion-plate; but in this they were disappointed, and got nothing but a little wine and a few biscuits.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857.

## THE "LEVIATHAN."

THE domestic event of the week has been a sufficient "great" one, in every sense. The biggest ship in the world has made one step towards her natural element, and has stuck in the road. Here is a theme for the moralist and philosopher! But we confess that we take the cheerful view of the affair; it is not so wonderful that there should have been a hitch in the launching as that so mighty a vessel should ever have been built at all.

There is no reason why *greatness* and *bigness* should go together; but when they do, they carry everything before them. The marvel and a few other equally important inventions make no demand on space in their operations, and are not of a nature to strike the eye. The magnifying glasses which are no larger than walnuts, are, strictly speaking, as remarkable as the telescope of Lord Rosse; yet the mere size of the latter is half its fascination. And so in the animal world, there are one or two animals as intelligent as the elephant, but his bulk gives dignity to his faculty. We cannot free ourselves from the prepossession in the region of men's minds. The late Emperor N. choir, with all his energy and brains, would not have cut half such a figure in the world but for uniting these with his inches. It has always seemed to us a high proof of our civilisation that Lord John Russell should be allowed full credit for his understanding—in an early age he must have gone into the church!

This respect for the vast and the imposing belongs to all ages and all races; but in our age it shows itself in a characteristic form. All, or nearly all, the old wonders of the world were useless for practical purposes. Nobody can tell why the pyramids were built. The Colossus of Rhodes was a mere ornament; or because "practical" only when it was broken up and sold to copper-smiths. Another "wonder" was a tomb. But in all our wonders we have an eye to the useful, or to speak more vulgarly, to the pot. Telegraphs are to inform us of the state of the funds. Railways cheapen travelling. The *Leviathan* is to carry more passengers, or, if need be, more soldiers, than any vessel that ever swam since the *Argo*. This is the ground on which she appeals to public admiration; and though we are too apt to over-rate mere physical conveniences, and to set them up above all greatness whatever, the merit of such improvements is that they facilitate moral improvements too. The *Leviathan* herself will not be a prodigy long. Every great vessel hitherto has been the founder of a class, and when we have a class of *Leviathans*, emigration will be a less miserable adventure than it is at present; while wars—though (as springing from passions, apart from the prudential ones, which stimulate discovery) they seem likely to be or possible occurrence for ever—will not arise so readily when the machinery by which power can be used and commerce promoted alike has become overwhelmingly strong.

The "hitch" of Tuesday last is a question for engineers. But in our hopefulness about the future of the *Leviathan*, we are guided by its past. Besides, it is not a more astonishing piece of work as of all compared with the *Duke of Wellington*, than the *Duke of Wellington* compared with the ships which tar-shed the Spanish Armada. There seems no reason why there should be stern limits to mere bulk; and the ocean has more than room enough for all the human race can do in this way, improve and extend as they please. We wish the *Leviathan* well, because it is right that a nation which has risen by shipping should lead to its highest development the art of making ships. The lead what is part of our national inheritance. It is well that we should try to what point we can carry the old secret of making the sea a dwelling-place and a highway for British subjects; and we cannot deny that if the *Leviathan* should remain "stuck" on her route to blue water, the catastrophe will be a kind of national calamity.

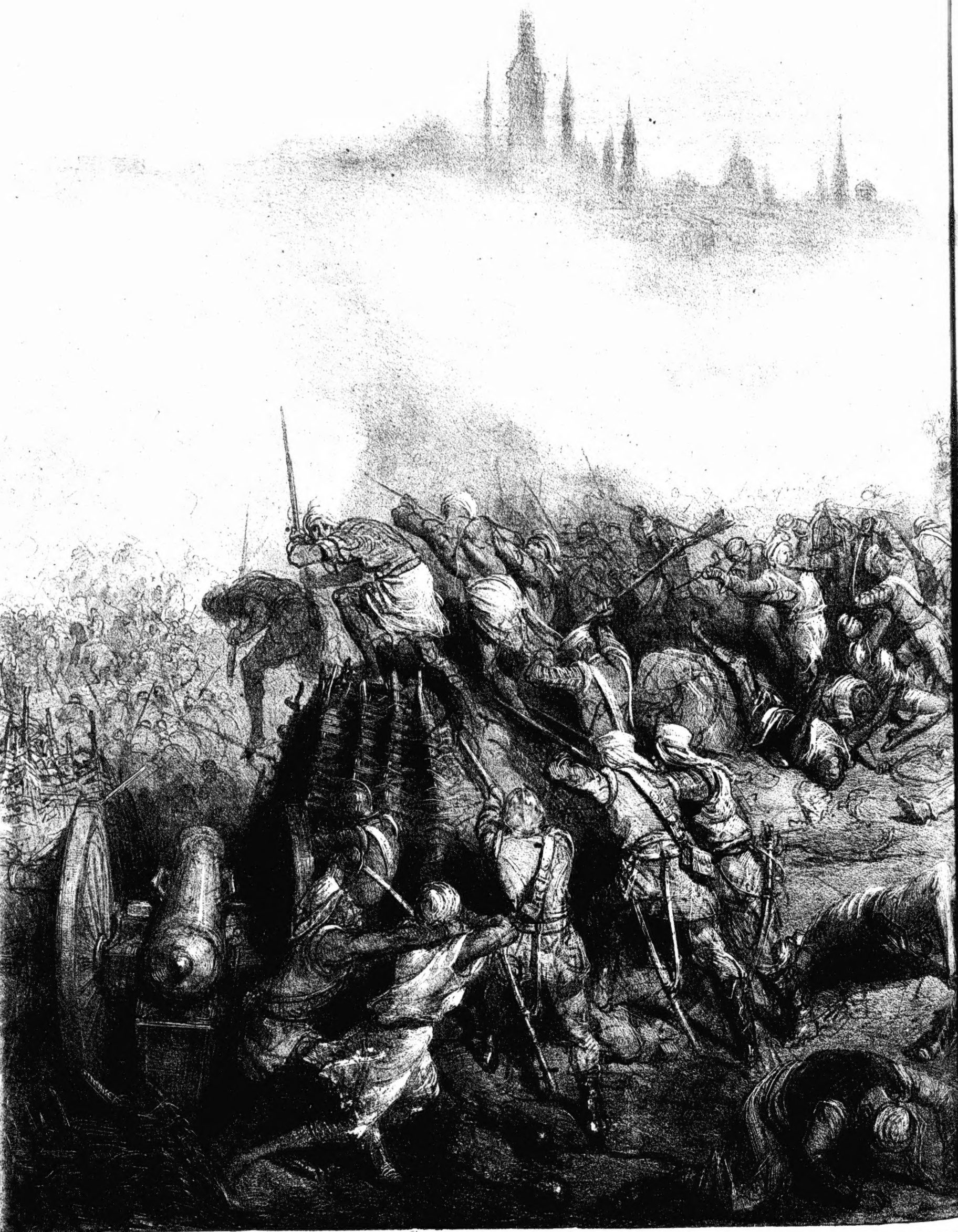


THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

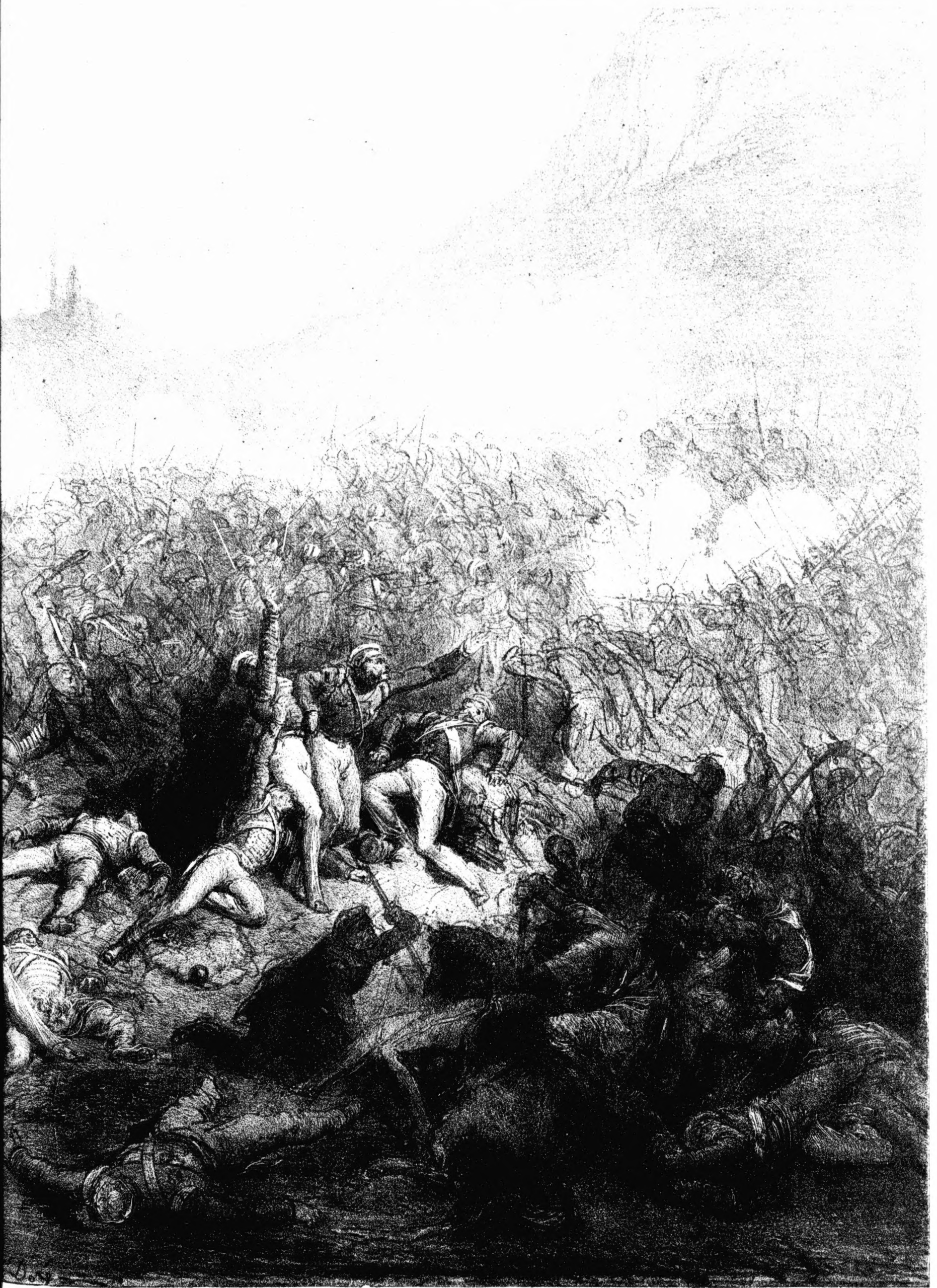
**THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.**—The assignees of the Royal British Bank have called a meeting of shareholders for the 11th inst., to endeavour to effect a satisfactory arrangement between the shareholders and the creditors. If, then, the shareholders have shown no alacrity in consenting to provide funds to pay the proposed £60, in the pound to the creditors; and the assignees intimate that if there is any further difficulty about the matter, effectual measures will be taken to bring from the unwilling shareholders all the property they possess.

**THE MICHAELMAS LAW TERM** was duly inaugurated on Monday, by the breakfasting with the Lord Chancellor. The Lord Mayor of London elect, Sir H. Carden, was presented according to custom to his Lordship, and her Majesty's concurrence in the choice of the citizens was expressed.











## THE BADDINGTON PEEPAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALLA.

(Continued from page 299.)

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

RUN TO EARTH.

PHILIP and his friend went into a private box on the third tier, and, leaning over the velvet parapet, contemplated the brilliant surging scene below. It was some time before they could accustom their eyes to it, however; for the respiration of so many thousand persons, and the glare of the great chandeliers, lighted with gas, formed an iridescent cloud that canopied the whole audience, and at first made it difficult to discern their movements. So those who have been harry—perhaps foolhardy—enough to take a place in the ear of a balloon, and have risen with the monster from Cremona or Vauxhall, haply in the evening, have seen hanging close over the brow of the Monster City, and cut justly and exactly to its shape—the minutest zigzag of its outlying suburbs, a great canopy of exhalations—the smoke of London, hideous and Cimmerian enough when from *terra firma* we see it ascending from chimney-pots, or mark its blackening or constructive effects upon the most beautiful of our architectural monuments; but rendered, when seen from heaven, deliciously azure, veiled as it is through the medium of a clear and pure atmosphere, and immediately glorified by the rays of the setting sun.

The Doctor had provided himself with an enormous *feuille morte*, its *barre* of *papier maché* glistening with Japan, mother of pearl, and coloured gold. This instrument completely put to shame Philip's modest little ivory opera-glass, and vexed the Doctor considerably by its tremendous size and air of pretension; but Doctor Ionides could regard it as part and parcel of his equipment, and as a necessary token of exaggeration to an exaggerated world. He made good use of it, by gazing into the brilliant space with the womanly faces of the *frigidities* from the facets of the chandelier drops, and his squint eyes, and made them dance in many coloured lights, so that the people in the lower tier must have taken him for a revolving light or an overgrown insect.

"Very good—very good indeed!" the Doctor cried out, approvingly.

"What is very good? who is very good? Do you mean that little figure in the pink domino talking to the man with the counterpane nose, who appears to have stuffed a chest of drawers or a bed and become at last, underneath his waistcoat?"

"Quite the contrary! I mean the distinguished individual in evening dress as faultless as yours; but with a lock on, and with the ribbons of half a dozen orders at his button-hole. Pray remark the *Légion d'Honneur* who has just poked the pocket of the man with the false nose. A well-liked person, evidently."

"The rascal! Shall we go down and collar him?"

"Shall we go down and try to find a needle in a bottle of hay? See! he has already disappeared. I couldn't have done a better trick than that in the days when I was a professor of natural magic. And—! I feel—the best of the joke is, that I know the man with the nose as the demon. He's a *monarch*, a police agent, a spy of the Prefecture. There's a word, very good—very good, indeed!"

For all his rage, his wit, his speculations, you could see his wicked face radiant with the exultation of the cynic within him. No Lord those horrible, bull-necked, low-browed, square-jawed, mulberry men in rosy tustan and fur caps, and with blue-and-white-spotted Belshers twisted round their foul throats; so laugh those lost creatures, born irredeemably lost; so laugh those hopeless ones born irrevocably stupid, into whose souls of Erebus not one ray of blessed light shall ever penetrate, let the jail complaint prevail till he be hoarse—the law of kindness he tried to his blindest enactment—the law of severity tried to the last knot in the last cord of its execution—the law of Draco tried till Calvary took the wail of Baring and Rothschild, Mirés and Persire, and bid unaccompanied with the text Russian loan. So laugh the devil's children, who hang about low street corners and lean against Seven Dial posts, when they hear a blackguard expression, when they see an animal in torture, when they can stain the clean arguments of a passer-by with mud, or overturn the apple-stall of some poor, honest wretch, fighting against starvation like a drowning man against the stronger, pitiless sea; so must I laugh the devils themselves, grinning at their own damnation—for despair can laugh as well as joy.

Philip looked as sternly as his irresolute eyes would let him at the man-hyena in the masquerade dress; and it may be that for a moment he mentally discussed the feasibility of infusing his immortal Mentor body into his arms, and pitching him over the box-lodge into the wery slough of despond that weltered underneath, there to find his level of corruption. But he did not do this: he did very few things whose feasibility he discussed, preferring to do those things on the impulse of the moment which experience afterwards proved to be anything but feasible; and when his companion suggested there was one thing for which they might really go down stairs with some show of reason—namely, to take some refreshment—he allowed Doctor Ionides to put his arm through his, and to lead him into the box-lobby, very much in the fashion that a lamb is led to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks.

All the lobbies were full of maskers—not one of them busy yet, as their compeers at an English masquerade would have been two hours before; but making far more noise over their goblets of lemonade and overbrimming bumpers of *orgeat*, their frantic excesses of candied chocolate, and their Heliothalban debauches of sugar-plums, than any like number of Anglo-Saxon Bacchanals, already deep in their tenth tumblers of strong toddy, and making their minds up now to steady drinking. There were noisy girls and noisy young men. There was gabbling, shouting, romping, capering, joking; and all this was thought to be dissipation, the wildest frenzy of carnival excitement. So a neophyte might have thought, and so many doubtless thought that night, ignorant of how readily sugar-and-water gets into French people's heads, and what a racking headache over-indulgence in barley-sugar will bring on the morning after. But so thought not certain men with tanned, yellow, tired features—men with loose wrinkles hanging placidly beneath their eyes and round their hollow cheeks—men in black suits, patent-leather boots—irreproachably white-cravatted, faultlessly white-kid-gloved; sometimes wearing *monstaches*, twisted, waxed, and blackened to painful perfection; frequently having curly heads of hair, which treacherous napes of necks and perfidious partings denounced as wigs instantaneously—men who looked with a very ill-disguised contempt upon the tomfooleries of the poor capering *débâteurs* and *Pierrots*, but from time to time strolled out gliding figures in variously coloured dominoes and closely masked, or were singled out by them; and slipped bits of paper beneath drapery, or were hit with fans, or had their hands squeezed by little fingers covered with the softest of Jouviv's gloves, but which little fingers, as I live, belonged to hands whose grip was as that of a steel vice, and whose blood-compelling tenacity rivalled that of an English bull-dog.

"Who is that, I wonder?" Philip asked, noticing one of the type I have sketched passing him.

"Don't know his name," the Doctor answered; "but know the school well. Lots of them here. See them in the 'lion's den'—that long lit procenium box yonder—on opera nights, but seldom before the ballet comes on; see them in the Bois de Boulogne, not like the young French swells on horses which they don't know how to ride, but in high liveries with English blood-horses which they allow their groom to drive or team; see them in the snug little *baiguines* of the minor theatre, that is, if your eyes are sharp enough to catch a sight of them in the obscurity, and of the princess with the diamond, the big fan, and the paint who accompany them; see them at Longchamps and Chantilly, at Dieppe in the summer, after that at the gambling places on the Rhine. They dine at the Café de Paris; they think the *Trois Frères* loss, but sometimes condescend to patronise Bignons at the Café de Foy, because everything is so very dear there, and posioned eggs with asparagus tips cost ten francs a plate. They belong to the Jockey Club; they belong to the Cercle des Étrangers. You may see them for one hour, and for one hour only, every day during

the winter season, from four to five, on the Boulevard des Italiens. At any other time they are to be found wherever there are expensive wines, *orchons*, *pâtés*, de bon grain, and ladies who call themselves *salons*, because they must call themselves something. Stop! the atmosphere of playing cards and dice is not unpropitious to the one; neither are *maquillage*; neither are such words."

"You seem to know a great deal about them without telling me their names?" Philip said, as, through the crowded passages the Doctor rattled out those physiological remarks; not in our continuous spaces, but in detached sentences, ever and anon interspersing them with compliments and with *bonsoirs* (very) and *bonjour*, addressed to the prettiest of the *débâteurs*, and the most mysterious of the dominoes whom he met, but which I have not deemed necessary to interpolate in my narrative.

"I know them! Bless your heart, I know them! I have had to scuffle some of them in my time. One famous rendezvous of ours, however, is broken up; there is no *Prasels's* now, no 'toney-two' no 'toney-four' in the Palais Royal. The cruel Municipality of Paris has killed the gambling-houses; the number of suicides, they say, though I don't believe it, has sensibly diminished; and Otello's occupation, including a very lucrative one of your humble servant, is gone."

"Are those men gamblers, then—suicides?"

"Gamblers, and suicides, yes. Blessings, too. Not, at least, till they have spent all their money, and don't borrow or win any more without shame. My dear Phil (Philip shuddered at the diminutive struck his forehead) these men are, he *recrutes de Paris*—the bucks, swells, bloods, dandies, fast men of France. They begin under the Restoration. They inherit the traditions of the empire, and its wild orgies; they sever at and depose the frivolous gaiety of this shop-keeping monarchy. These are Russian princes, French nobles of the old régime, English lords; yes, I have passed three or four tonight who have mounted Paris since the year '20; bankers, monster stock-jobbers, generals, and Spanish madrigals. They come to a *bal masqué*, a matter of course; the game they hunt is here too, though you see it not. But the revival of these worthy souls won't begin till five or four o'clock this morning. There will be no lack of champagne and everything then, I promise you; but it will be between four walls. How thirsty I am to be sure. Suppose we begin our champagne now."

There was a refreshment stall, with a mob of parti-coloured cavaliers straggling before it; the principal objects of competition being those large *ricochettes* of *saucis de poulet*—a mysterious species of sweetmeat, into whose composition sugar and apples enter, I know, but in what proportions I am not prepared to say, and which a party of young ladies—not the entire *ricoches*, you may be sure—had been simple enough to purchase at the rate of twenty francs the *balon*, and offer in a species of serenade among the young ladies in the silken skirts, the flaxen wigs, the embroidered caps, and the many-hued velvet pantalons; these *ricoches* of *saucis de poulet* being doubly valuable, not only as pledges of affection, but as objects of commerce, they being susceptible, on (private) presentation at the refreshment counter, of conversion into cash (by virtue of an occult arrangement between the confectioner and the *débâteur*) at a discount of fifty per cent. The Doctor was passing his way through this covetously-seething crowd, when he suddenly stopped, and whispered to Philip—

"There he is!"

It was Lord Baddington. Flushed, tumbled, somewhat thick in speech, very much gone in champagne, but a great Lord still. His Lordship had evidently been dining; so had his Lordship's toud-enters, who were more obnoxious than ever, though somewhat incoherent, not to say drunken, in their flattery.

The young Lord was standing with his back to the buffet, casting his twenty-franc pieces about in foolish purchases, cramming ill-reckoned change of five-franc pieces into his pocket, laughing, swearing, chucking a little bar in of masquerade beauties under the chin, making a very graceful, ordering people about, calling the passing French dandies (very probably as well born, and most certainly better bred than himself) "cads," and otherwise comporting himself in that affably insolent and condescendingly treacherous manner not quite uncommon among young British patricians, and which has earned us such a delightful popularity abroad.

"Now's your time," Doctor Ionides facetiously observed. "I'll be back in five minutes. Stop! have a drink first, though I don't think you stand much in need of Dutch courage. Don't go in for thrashing him. You see he's drunk, and the French, besides not liking fists under any circumstances, would call hitting a drunken man cowardly. A filip by the side of the nose, a tweak of the ear, the slightest flap of a glove, are sufficient. I hope to find you in the thick of it when I return."

He had no sooner spoken than he was gone. Philip, much as he loathed the man, felt disconcerted by his sudden disappearance. He did not know exactly how to set; how to begin the quarrel; what to say, what to do.

He had not long to wait in indecision. He was looking, I daresay, with a very perturbed and vexed expression of countenance at Lord Baddington, when that nobleman was good enough to ask him what he—he was looking at?

"I am looking at you," Philip Leslie answered, with as much coolness as he could command, and subduing an impulse to knock the peer down out of hand. "I want to speak to you, my Lord."

"I thought you were an Englishman," the other answered, essaying to steady himself on his drunken (though noble) legs. "You look so damn like an Englishman." Lord Baddington was in an excellent temper that night.

"Here, Gambroon; Tapetie," he cried out, "here's an Englishman. Haven't I seen you somewhere, old boy—at Crockey's, eh? Let's have some champagne. No; what I am going to—that is what—yes, what are you going to stand?"

"Nothing," Philip answered. "Come here, I tell you. I want to speak to you. Do you know the name on this card?"

He put a card into his hand, with his own name, Leslie, upon it. But Lord Baddington, regarding it with a hazy stare, shook his head from side to side, with an air of the wisest fool, or the most imbecile wido; and again stating his opinion that Philip was a good fellow, and one of the right sort, suggested champagne, and that they should call the waiter in to pour.

"If you are too drunk to read, you are sober enough to hear," answered Philip fiercely. "My name, Lord Baddington, is Leslie—Philip Leslie. Do you understand now?"

"Well, Mr. Leslie, and what the deuce is that to me?"

He felt back as he said so, however, doubtful and puzzled in his look, and pressing his hand on his hot forehead, as if to recall some bygone thought or thing. The masquers had partly given way before them, partly crowded them into a corner, and they were comparatively alone in a grove of drinking flasks, artificial flowers, and glass jars full of cakes and sweetmeats.

"I am Philip Leslie," the Artist repeated slowly and sternly.

The peer suddenly started; with a half reel and a half scream, cried out,

"—you, you're that painter fellow; you're the low-life cad who—"

"I am the man who, never having harmed you by word or deed, you have yet grossly, basely, villainously injured. I am he who was to have been the husband of the girl whom you have taken away in your high and mighty caprice to make a plaything of—to cast her away when you have done with her. Give me back my wife, Lord Baddington!"

But Lord Baddington stood looking at him with a scared fixedness, as though he had been some horrible image—Medusa's head—a chimera—the ghost of Barquet—the skull of the murdered John Hayes, stuck on a pole in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster; but not a word spoke he. The toadies, flurried, and (one of them) frightened, hovered about, hearing all, and skinned off another group of masquers that had begun to gather.

"You cannot give her back to me," the Painter continued, "not as I—as any honest man—could desire to receive her. You have ruined her, soundered as you are. Do you hear me, my Lord, so and so?"

He heard, but answered never a syllable. The toadies winced at the word *soundered*, and made ready for the worst. Philip grew impatient as he proceeded—

"You can give me one thing, at least: the satisfaction of a gentleman—

revenge. I give this card to one of your friends, since you are not in a state to comprehend its meaning yourself. My address is on it; but I will be under the orchestra at the conclusion of the ball, if you can take an inch side-writer by that time to sober yourself and answer me."

He tendered his card as he spoke to Major Gambroon, and was walking away like a man of snow, very cool without, though very warm within, when Lord Baddington called out "Stop," and took the card himself from the hand of his friend.

A most remarkable change had come over this nobleman. He could not have sated himself in so short a time, violent as might have been the revision of feeling he had experienced; but he began to speak quite freely and coherently, putting his face close to Philip's, and glaring at him with baleful eyes.

"I won't fight you," he said. "That fellow-cad with a Carpen Street has sent you here to murder me. I won't fight you. I'm a coward, curse me! I'm a coward; but I won't be murdered. Go back to London. Go back to that young lady. Go to her devil!"

He crushed the card into a ball and flung it into Philip's face, then turned towards his ladies with a veil half of coyness, half of defiance. But the next moment a well-directed blow from the painter caused him to measure his length upon the ground.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

LORD BADDINGTON SIPS AND BREAKFASTS.

It was not through any feeling of probability that Philip Leslie—Captain, Professor and Doctor—had abandoned his friend under what may appear to have been critical circumstances. Cowardice was no excuse, one of that outcast's failings; and though, like the majority of valiant men, who are also prudent, he recognised to its fullest extent the value of expediency of running away under certain circumstances—a similar retrograde policy having been occasionally practised with the utmost success by the most illustrious commanders—the multi-named companion of Philip Leslie was, when need required it, a *chevalier*, if not exactly *sans reproche*, decidedly one *sans peur*.

The Doctor's origin of locality was powerfully developed, and he knew to a cubic foot where he had left Philip. But he had a visit to pay, which he rejoined him, and from the manner, while he travelled for crown, which he kept his gaze fixed on a certain box on the ground-floor—a small pit-box—it might not unreasonably be conjectured that he had an *affaire de cœur* in that neighbourhood. He was a gay man, Doctor Ionides; but he was not, for the moment, very popular among the sex, as he served towards his destination; for he elbowed the *débâteurs* and *litts* unceremoniously, and broke into and through so many comely and figures of the wazy dance, that he was at last pursued by yells of Terpsichorean execration; any, on one or two occasions, the Municipal Guards in attendance manifested signs of giving him chase, and bringing him to condign punishment for his infraction of the laws of *cavalier seul* and *chasser-croiser*, but either he was nimble enough to escape the police *Neuvis*, or it may be his towering plume and stately limbs dismayed the amiable algazars; or—and this is the most probable theory of all—the police were like all true Frenchmen, too much absorbed in the delirious excitement of the revolutionary evolutions to pay attention to a transient interruption.

The Doctor passed up one of the inclined planes covered with crimson cloth leading to the box-lobbies, entered one of those *coindors*, and knocked discreetly at the door of box No. 9. He had to knock twice, and then the door was timidly opened. Inverting the action of Margaret Douglas in Scott's immortal tale, who used her arm as a bolt in order that a door might remain closed, Doctor Ionides took advantage of the door not being a door, but rather a jar, to use his arm as a wedge, and by rapidly thrusting it through the narrow aperture, secured the door's remaining open. Then by an agile movement of his foot he widened the opening; soon found himself inside the box; closed the door after him; put a chair against it; turned nimbly on his feet; seized a light chair in his strong grasp; dived at himself down thereupon; turned towards a closely-masked domino who was crouching in a corner, and affectionately accosted Manuelita the dancing girl, who, half dead with terror, was trembling now with her wrist in his grasp, and his flaming face leering under the black-lace valance of her mask. The satyr had seized the poor little dandy; the linnet was in the clutches of the hawk.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"I'm Bouquy," playfully answered the Doctor. "The sweep; the black-man; the beadle; the policeman. I was Professor Jachimo who was so fond of you in Liverpool. Good Professor Jachimo; clever Professor Jachimo; funny Professor Jachimo. Now I'm Doctor Ionides, quite as good, clever, and funny; and if you speak a word above your breath, you little mink, I'll wring your neck for you first, and cut your throat afterwards."

She tried to scream; but her respiration scarcely fluttered the cobweb-lace that guarded her lips. Her little pulse trotted like the feet of a mouse running away to its hole. She felt as though a swoon, tears, hysterics, death, would have been a relief; but she was fascinated by the garish phantom before her, and could not move. At last she whispered:

"You come from Philip?"

"Not the least in the world, my little pet," the Doctor urbanely rejoined. "I am my own ambassador, town-traveller, gentleman-usher, master of the ceremonies, and all, and I come from myself, and I want you to come with me."

"With you," she murmured; "with you, bad and cruel man!"

"If you don't," the Doctor explained; "if you don't take my arm this very moment, and walk down stairs with me, I'll tell you what will happen. Shall I tell you?"

She could not answer; she could only look at him.

"Silence gives consent. I'll tell you. Unless you obey me, by six o'clock this morning—it's one now—your duck-of-diamonds, your handsome soldier-officer, your fair-haired dandy of a lord, shall be a bleeding corpse—dead, dead as a leg of Welsh mutton, my dear, and with a small sword through his heart."

"Would you murder him?"

"That's my business; I only tell you what will take place. I never forget, never forgive anything. If you obey me, you shall come to no harm, and you will save his life. If you refuse, you must take the consequences. Now, are you ready?"

She rose up tottering, and put her flaccid arm in his. Why should she believe him, this convicted, perjured liar and cheat? She believed in him less, perhaps, for his dire threats, and horrible presence, and power of terrifying, than because she *loved* the bad man who had taken her away. Find me a woman who really loves a man, and I will go to her without introduction and without credentials, and if I tell her he whom she loves is in danger or distress, I will make her do anything I choose, from dancing a saraband to pawing her earrings.

He led her into the lobby. A whiskered French dandy, with a white waistcoat and white cravat as enormous in their dimensions, and with such little black doekin legs, that he looked like a portrait of Mr. Alibody, came up to her to whisper some conventional, stereotyped *balqué* compliment in her ear. But before he had half got through the expression of his opinion, that she was a Mingrelan princess, and that she was adorably *belle* that evening, the dexterous Doctor administered to him such an elephantine stamp on one of his varnished ribs, and such a caustic blow with the elbow in his white-vested feet, that the Frenchman was yet screaming with pain, and sputtering out a preliminary *sacré*, when the Doctor had divided the crowd, and was beneath the portico in the Rue Lepelletier.

There was as great a crowd without as within, but a black crowd, illumined here and there by the glare of a gas-lamp. In the roadway mounted gentlemen pranced and cursed to keep the people back, and the confusion of coaches and coachmen was awful.

"This way," the Doctor said, briefly.

It was the turning point. The girl hung back for a second. Had she screamed, had she resisted, rescue was certain. There were hundreds of policemen round about her. But she dared not. She thought of the man she loved being foully, cruelly murdered, and she obeyed.









and the screw itself of 21 feet in diameter, the two fans or whirled him off the blades of some long column of the laboring Admitte world, he better comprehends the gigantic nature of the labor to be done, and the ample means taken to perform it. As the screw and the paddles will both be working at the same time, the ship will be pushed and pulled in its course like an invalid in a chair, and each, pushed will be called upon to do its best.

The paddle engines consist of four oscillating cylinders of 74 inches diameter and of 14 feet stroke, working in a solid frame attached to the frame of the ship. Each pair of cylinders, with its crank, condenser, and air-pump, forms in itself a complete and separate engine, and each of the four cylinders is constructed so as to permit instant disconnection, if required, from the other three, so that the whole form a combination of four engines complete in themselves, yet all worked together or separately. The two pairs of engines can be conducted or disconnected at a moment's warning and by a single movement of the hand. The engines are provided with exhaust valves, throttle valves, and governors, all constructed on the most improved principles. The combined paddle engines will work at an average power of 3,000 horse power of 200 revolutions, when each of the 11 screws will work at an average of 100 revolutions, the

inch, and the expansion valve cutting off at one-third of the stroke. But in all the parts of the engines are so constructed and proportioned that they will work evenly and smoothly at 16 strokes per minute with the steam at 25 lbs. pressure, and will run without expansion (beyond what is unavoidably effected by the slide), or at 14 strokes per minute, with the steam at the boiler pressure still at 35 lbs., and the expansion valve cutting off at one-fourth of the stroke. Under these last-named circumstances, the paddle engines will give a power of about 5,000 horses. The paddle boilers are of wrought plate iron, with brass horizontal flues, and are adapted for working regularly at a pressure of 35 lbs., although they are perfectly safe at 60 lbs., as they have all been tested with a hydraulic pump to a great pressure. These paddle boilers are in two axial, vertical, parallel sets, and each set has about 5,000 square feet of tube surface, and each set has an exclusive of flue and furnace, and about 400 square feet of fire bar furnace. Each set is adapted to supply, with steady, moderate firing, steam for an indicator of 1,500-horse power, though with full firing each set of two gives steam to the amount of 2,500-horse power, or 5,000-horse power in all.

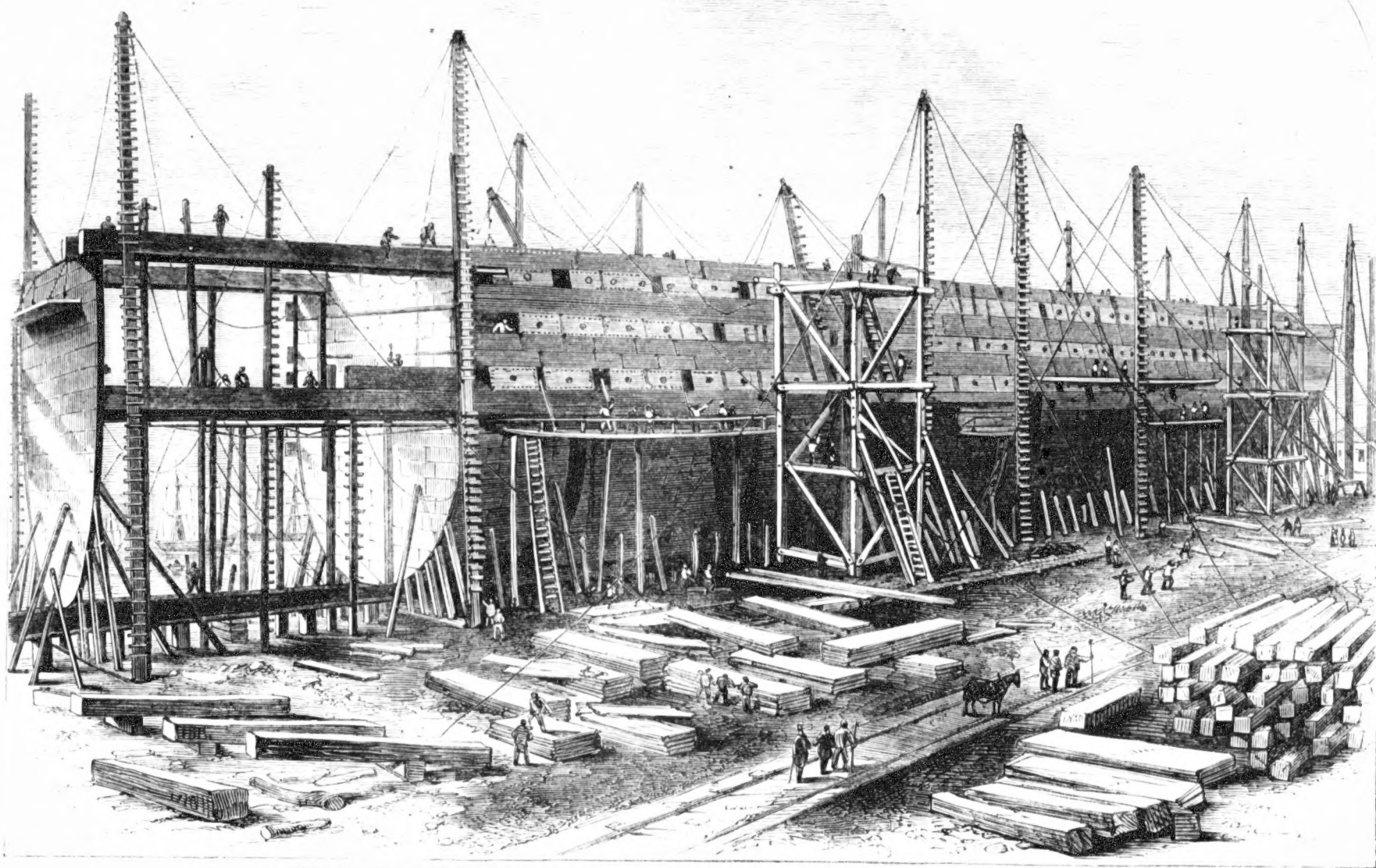
Two axial, vertical, parallel pressure condensing engines are fixed adjacent to the paddle engines for working pumps and other necessary work of the ship. Each of these two engines has two cylinders, and each cylinder has a piston at

The screw engines consist of four cylinders of eighty-four inches diameter and four feet stroke, working horizontally. As with the paddle cylinders, each of the four is in itself a complete and separate engine, capable of working quite independently of any of the other three. They work up to an indicator power of 4,500 horses of 33,000 lbs., when working at forty-five strokes a minute, with steam in the boiler at 13 lbs., and the expansion valve cutting off at one-third of the stroke. They are, however, made to work smoothly either at forty strokes per minute, with steam at 25 lbs., without expansion, or at fifty-five strokes a minute with the expansion valve cutting off at one-fourth of the stroke. Under these circumstances, they will be working at the tremendous power of 6,500 horses. The boilers are of the same kind as the paddle boilers, only ten in number. Connected with the screw engines are two auxiliary high-pressure engines of 750 horse power, working with 40 lbs., but these, as with the other auxiliary engines, are made to work at full or half power, according to the requirements of the work. Connected with the screw shaft about the ordinary descending spiral is a screw for raising the screw at necessity, and a screw for lowering it when required. It will thus be seen that the power

engines, when working together at their highest power, will exert an effective force of not less than 11,200 horse power, or sufficient to raise 200,000,000 gallons of water to the top of the Monument in less than one minute, or to drive the machinery of all the cotton mills in Manchester. The consumption of coal to produce this amount of locomotive force is estimated at about 250 tons per day.

The calculated speed of the vessel (with all these engines at work, we suppose) will average from fifteen to sixteen knots, or nearly twenty miles an hour. We all know, even on a calm day, what a wind meets the face looking out of a railway train going at that pace, and consequently it can be understood that sails, except on extraordinary occasions, would act as an impediment than as an assistance to the ship's progress. It is not probable, therefore, that they will be much resorted to except for the purpose of standing or of helping to steer her. In case, however, of a strong wind arising, going more than twenty-five miles an hour in the direction of her course, she is provided with seven masts, two of which are square rigged, and the whole supplied with sails of various dimensions. So as to the compass, and the whole ship, we have known where the vessel is at this distance in the Atlantic, and have seen her in the Gulf of Mexico.





THE "LEVIATHAN" (GREAT EASTERN) STEAM-SHIP, AS SHE APPEARED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1855.

this peculiarity, together with her simple rig, gives her the appearance of a child's toy-boat. If beauty is nothing more than fitness, this form of bow is undoubtedly the most beautiful, and the Americans, who have long adopted it in their transatlantic steamers, are right; but to ordinary eyes it looks sadly inferior to the old figurehead projecting out before the ship, as if eager to lead her onward over the wave. Fewer hands will be required to navigate the *Leviathan* than her size would seem to demand. Her whole crew will not exceed 400 men—a third of the number composing the crew of a three-decker. The difference is made up by what we may term *steam* sailors—the auxiliary engines—which, as above described, are appointed to do the heavy work of the ship, such as heaving the anchors, pumping, and hoisting the sails.

#### MEANS OF COMMUNICATION ON BOARD THE VESSEL.

It is obvious that some special means must be adopted to direct this vast mass of moving iron as she flies on her course, threatening by her speed destruction to herself and whatever may cross her path in the great highway of nations. The usual contrivances will not apply. No speaking-trumpets, for instance, could make the captain on the bridge heard either by the helmsman, or the look-out at the bow, more than three hundred feet away. Even the engineer, sixty feet beneath him, would be beyond the reach of his voice. As in the railway, we have to deal with distances which necessitate the use of a telegraph, and the *Leviathan*, in this respect, will be treated just like a railway. On ordinary occasions a semaphore will, in the day-time, give the word to the helmsman, whilst at night, and in foggy weather, he will be signalled how to steer by a system of coloured lights. The electric telegraph will also be employed to communicate the captain's orders to him and to the engineer below.

#### COMPASSES—ANCHORS—BOATS.

In most iron vessels great precautions are taken to avoid the incorrectness to which the needle placed on deck is liable on account of the proximity of attractive masses of metal. The commonest expedient is to

have placed high up in the mizenmast, beyond the influence of the iron sides of the ship, what is called a standard compass, and which may be said to realise Dibdin's "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft, and takes care of the life of poor Jack." In the *Leviathan*, a special stage or framework will be erected for this dainty Ariel, at least forty feet in height, and the helmsman will probably either read off the points from above as they appear through a transparent card illuminated like a clock-front, or the shadow of the trembling needle will be projected down a long pipe upon a card below, so as to avoid the necessity of the helmsman looking up, and to obviate the difficulty which would occur in foggy weather.

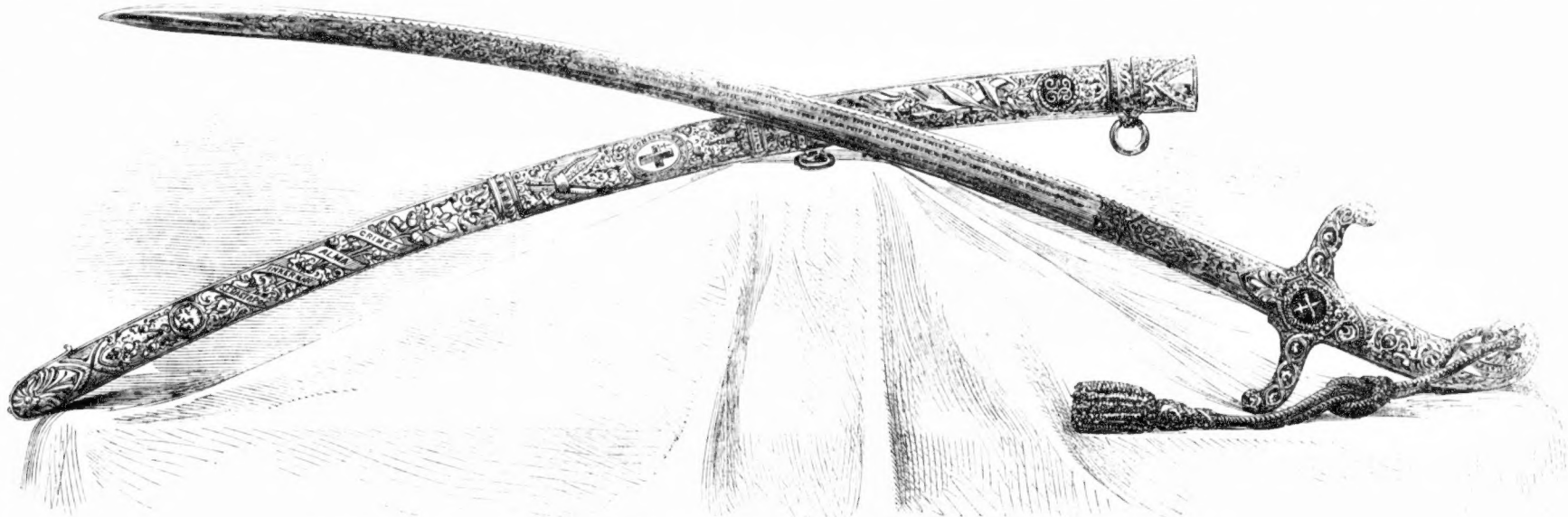
The anchors of this mighty steamer would, with their accessories, alone form the cargo of a good-sized ship. The ten anchors with which she will be fitted, together with their stocks, will weigh fifty-five tons. If we add to this ninety-eight tons for her eight hundred fathoms of chain-cable, and one hundred tons for her capstans and warps, we shall have a total weight of two hundred and fifty-three tons of material dedicated to the sole purpose of making fast the ship.

She will carry twenty large boats on deck; some of them are new patents, on most ingenious principles, to which we shall refer hereafter. In addition to these she will also carry, suspended aft of her paddle-boxes, two small screw steamers 100 feet long each, and of between sixty and seventy tons burden. These will of course be raised and lowered by small auxiliary engines, several of which will be fixed on board for working pumps, hoisting sails, weighing anchor, &c. Both the little screws will be kept in all respects perfectly equipped for sea, and used for embarking and landing the passengers with all their luggage, &c., alongside the wharf or pier, whichever it may happen to be. This will be onerous service, for the *Leviathan* is fitted to accommodate 800 first-class passengers, 2,000 second-class, and 1,200 third class—in all 4,000 passengers; or, if employed in the transport of troops, she can carry, it is said, 10,000 men.

#### ACCOMMODATION FOR PASSENGERS.

The separate compartments into which the "hotels" for the accommodation of passengers are divided, are as distinct from each other as so many different houses; each will have its splendid saloons, upper and lower, of sixty feet in length; its bed-rooms or cabins, its kitchen and its bar; and the passengers will no more be able to walk from the one to the other than the inhabitants of one house in Westbourne Terrace could communicate through the parti-walls with their next-door neighbours. The only process by which visiting can be carried on will be by means of the upper deck or main thoroughfare of the ship. We are not using figures of speech when we compare the space which is contained in the new ship to the united accommodation afforded by several of the largest hotels in London. She is destined to carry 800 first-class, 2,000 second-class, and 1,200 third-class passengers, independently of the ship's complement, making a total of 4,000 guests. Each of the small first-class cabins is 14 feet by 10½, and 7½ feet high. The largest are 15 feet by 11, and 7½ high. There are whole streets and squares of such apartments as these, opening out into saloons, which of themselves afford as much space as the main deck of a line-of-battle ship of the present day.

The saloons, together with the sleeping apartments, extending over 350 feet, are located in the middle instead of "aft," according to the usual arrangement. The advantage of this disposition of the hotel department must be evident to all those who have been to sea and know the advantage of a snug berth as near as possible to the centre of the ship, where its transverse and longitudinal axes meet, and where of course there is no motion at all. The passengers are placed immediately above the boilers and engines; but the latter are completely shut off from the living freight by a strongly-arched roof of iron, above which, and below the lowest iron deck, the coals will be stowed, and will prevent all sound and vibration from penetrating to the inhabitants in the upper storeys. As the engine and boiler rooms are separated from each other by bulkheads, in exactly the



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**HAIR DESTROYER.**—1, Little Queen Street, High Holborn.—ALEX. ROSS'S Depilatory removes superfluous Hair from the Face and Arms without affecting the Skin. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. per Bottle. Sent free by post for 50 stamps (in a blank wrapper). ALEX. ROSS'S Charges for Dyeing the Hair: Light Brown, 6d. per Shilling; Dark Brown, 1s. 6d. per Shilling. 2s. 6d. per Shilling. 3s. 6d. per Shilling. 4s. 6d. per Shilling. 5s. 6d. per Shilling. 6s. 6d. per Shilling. 7s. 6d. per Shilling. 8s. 6d. per Shilling. 9s. 6d. per Shilling. 10s. 6d. per Shilling. 11s. 6d. per Shilling. 12s. 6d. per Shilling. 13s. 6d. per Shilling. 14s. 6d. per Shilling. 15s. 6d. per Shilling. 16s. 6d. per Shilling. 17s. 6d. per Shilling. 18s. 6d. per Shilling. 19s. 6d. per Shilling. 20s. 6d. per Shilling. 21s. 6d. per Shilling. 22s. 6d. per Shilling. 23s. 6d. per Shilling. 24s. 6d. per Shilling. 25s. 6d. per Shilling. 26s. 6d. per Shilling. 27s. 6d. per Shilling. 28s. 6d. per Shilling. 29s. 6d. per Shilling. 30s. 6d. per Shilling. 31s. 6d. per Shilling. 32s. 6d. per Shilling. 33s. 6d. per Shilling. 34s. 6d. per Shilling. 35s. 6d. per Shilling. 36s. 6d. per Shilling. 37s. 6d. per Shilling. 38s. 6d. per Shilling. 39s. 6d. per Shilling. 40s. 6d. per Shilling. 41s. 6d. per Shilling. 42s. 6d. per Shilling. 43s. 6d. per Shilling. 44s. 6d. per Shilling. 45s. 6d. per Shilling. 46s. 6d. per Shilling. 47s. 6d. per Shilling. 48s. 6d. per Shilling. 49s. 6d. per Shilling. 50s. 6d. per Shilling. 51s. 6d. per Shilling. 52s. 6d. per Shilling. 53s. 6d. per Shilling. 54s. 6d. per Shilling. 55s. 6d. per Shilling. 56s. 6d. per Shilling. 57s. 6d. per Shilling. 58s. 6d. per Shilling. 59s. 6d. per Shilling. 60s. 6d. per Shilling. 61s. 6d. per Shilling. 62s. 6d. per Shilling. 63s. 6d. per Shilling. 64s. 6d. per Shilling. 65s. 6d. per Shilling. 66s. 6d. per Shilling. 67s. 6d. per Shilling. 68s. 6d. per Shilling. 69s. 6d. per Shilling. 70s. 6d. per Shilling. 71s. 6d. per Shilling. 72s. 6d. per Shilling. 73s. 6d. per Shilling. 74s. 6d. per Shilling. 75s. 6d. per Shilling. 76s. 6d. per Shilling. 77s. 6d. per Shilling. 78s. 6d. per Shilling. 79s. 6d. per Shilling. 80s. 6d. per Shilling. 81s. 6d. per Shilling. 82s. 6d. per Shilling. 83s. 6d. per Shilling. 84s. 6d. per Shilling. 85s. 6d. per Shilling. 86s. 6d. per Shilling. 87s. 6d. per Shilling. 88s. 6d. per Shilling. 89s. 6d. per Shilling. 90s. 6d. per Shilling. 91s. 6d. per Shilling. 92s. 6d. per Shilling. 93s. 6d. per Shilling. 94s. 6d. per Shilling. 95s. 6d. per Shilling. 96s. 6d. per Shilling. 97s. 6d. per Shilling. 98s. 6d. per Shilling. 99s. 6d. per Shilling. 100s. 6d. per Shilling. 101s. 6d. per Shilling. 102s. 6d. per Shilling. 103s. 6d. per Shilling. 104s. 6d. per Shilling. 105s. 6d. per Shilling. 106s. 6d. per Shilling. 107s. 6d. per Shilling. 108s. 6d. per Shilling. 109s. 6d. per Shilling. 110s. 6d. per Shilling. 111s. 6d. per Shilling. 112s. 6d. per Shilling. 113s. 6d. per Shilling. 114s. 6d. per Shilling. 115s. 6d. per Shilling. 116s. 6d. per Shilling. 117s. 6d. per Shilling. 118s. 6d. per Shilling. 119s. 6d. per Shilling. 120s. 6d. per Shilling. 121s. 6d. per Shilling. 122s. 6d. per Shilling. 123s. 6d. per Shilling. 124s. 6d. per Shilling. 125s. 6d. per Shilling. 126s. 6d. per Shilling. 127s. 6d. per Shilling. 128s. 6d. per Shilling. 129s. 6d. per Shilling. 130s. 6d. per Shilling. 131s. 6d. per Shilling. 132s. 6d. per Shilling. 133s. 6d. per Shilling. 134s. 6d. per Shilling. 135s. 6d. per Shilling. 136s. 6d. per Shilling. 137s. 6d. per Shilling. 138s. 6d. per Shilling. 139s. 6d. per Shilling. 140s. 6d. per Shilling. 141s. 6d. per Shilling. 142s. 6d. per Shilling. 143s. 6d. per Shilling. 144s. 6d. per Shilling. 145s. 6d. per Shilling. 146s. 6d. per Shilling. 147s. 6d. per Shilling. 148s. 6d. per Shilling. 149s. 6d. per Shilling. 150s. 6d. per Shilling. 151s. 6d. per Shilling. 152s. 6d. per Shilling. 153s. 6d. per Shilling. 154s. 6d. per Shilling. 155s. 6d. per Shilling. 156s. 6d. per Shilling. 157s. 6d. per Shilling. 158s. 6d. per Shilling. 159s. 6d. per Shilling. 160s. 6d. per Shilling. 161s. 6d. per Shilling. 162s. 6d. per Shilling. 163s. 6d. per Shilling. 164s. 6d. per Shilling. 165s. 6d. per Shilling. 166s. 6d. per Shilling. 167s. 6d. per Shilling. 16